

NATIONAL

COMICS

SM
12
QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

DECEMBER
1957

10¢

The **BARKER**
MEETS
The WITCH DOCTOR!

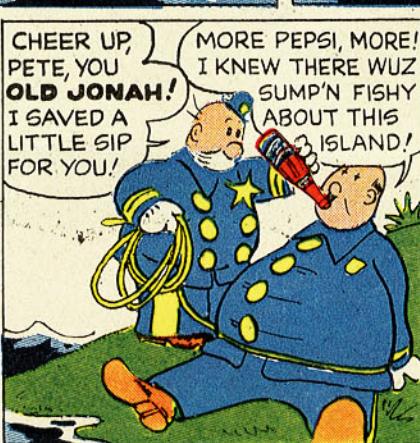
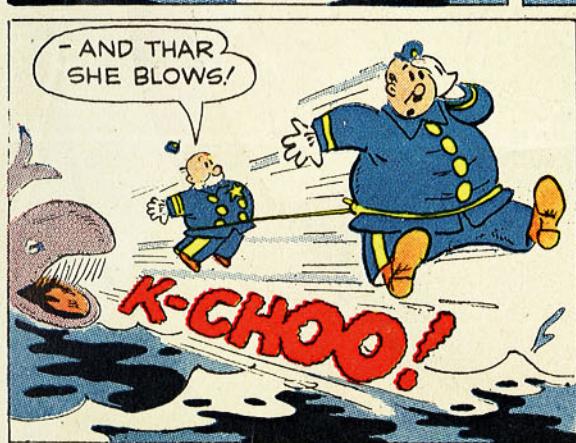
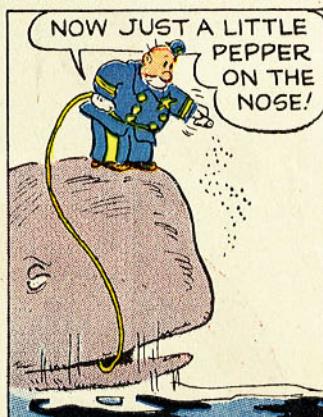
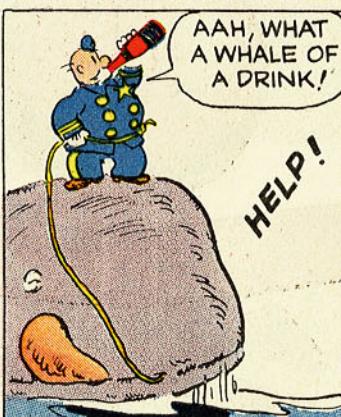
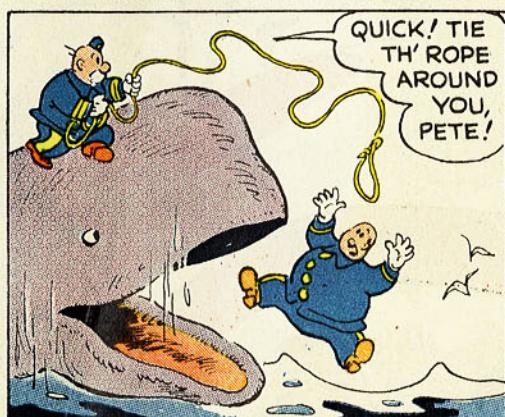
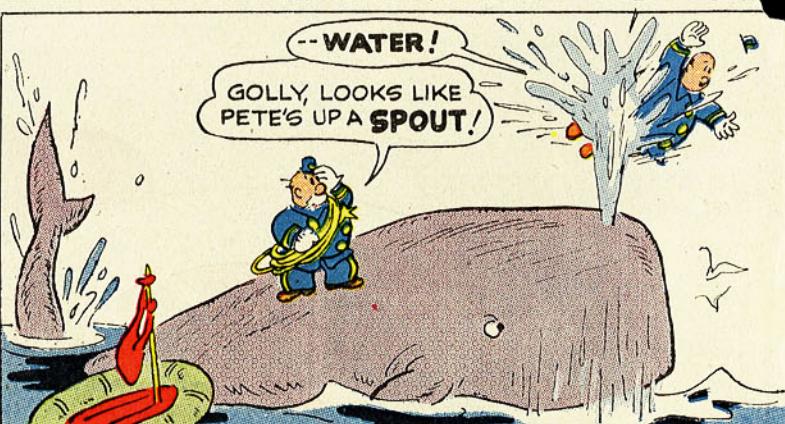


WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP

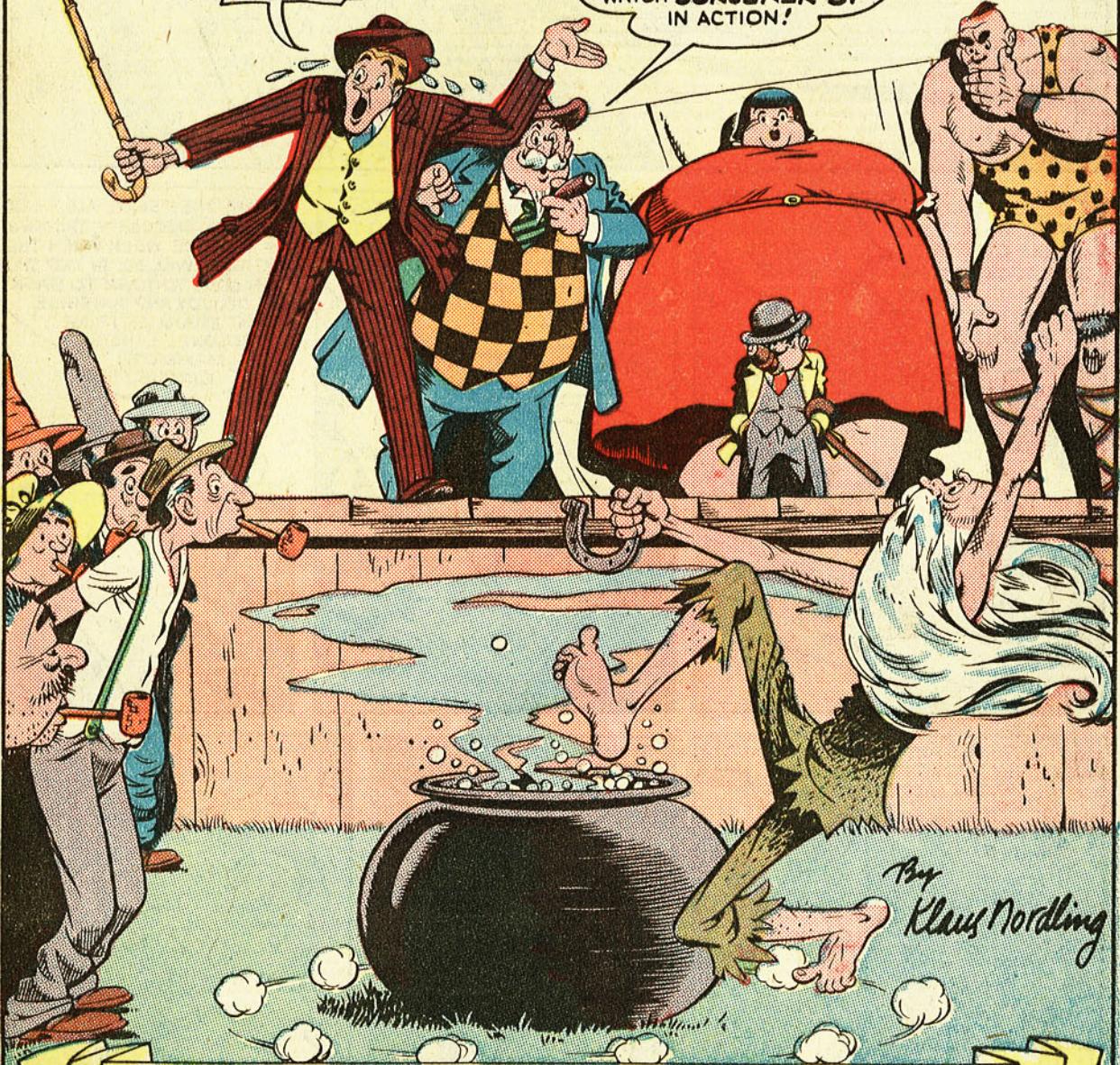
S.O.S.
POLICE-BOAT
LONG OVERDUE
PEPSI AND PETE
MISSING SOS.



The BARKER

AND, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
ON THE INSIDE WE HAVE A HUNDRED
MORE THRILLING
ATTRACTIOMS!

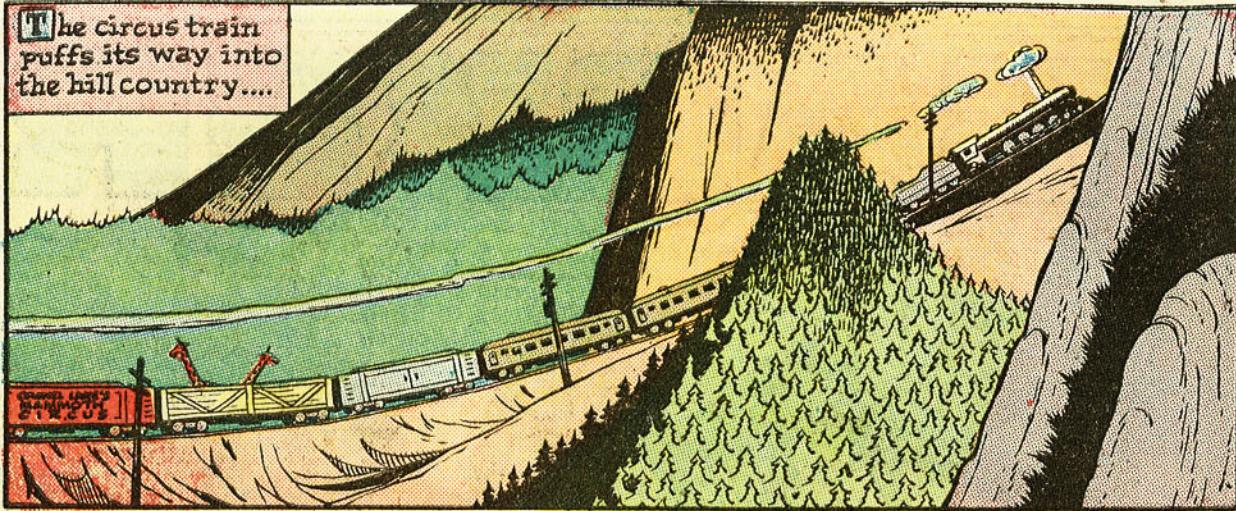
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR
PITCH, CARNIE! THESE
HILL BILLIES WON'T GO FOR
A CIRCUS WHEN THEY CAN
WATCH **SORCERER SI**
IN ACTION!



By
Klaus Nordling

It's big.... it's EXCITING it's Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus! And the fast talking, quick thinking **BARKER**, Carnie Calahan, could always be counted on to pack the customers in until he ran into a new kind of competition in the person of the most feared man in Yukster County -- **SORCERER SI**, the Mountain Witch Doctor!

The circus train puffs its way into the hill country....



YES, SIR, CARNIE,
AFTER ALL MY YEARS
IN THE CIRCUS, I
STILL LOOK FORWARD
TO THIS ANNUAL
VISIT TO
YUKVILLE!

IT ISN'T A
BAD PLACE
IF YOU'RE
DEAD!



•AH, M'BOY, YOU DON'T UNDER-
STAND! ADMITTEDLY, YUKVILLE
IS THE FARDEST BACKWOODS
COMMUNITY. WE PLAY, BUT DON'T
YOU REALIZE WHAT THE CIRCUS
MEANS TO THESE HARD-
WORKING HILL FOLK?

NO! TELL ME!

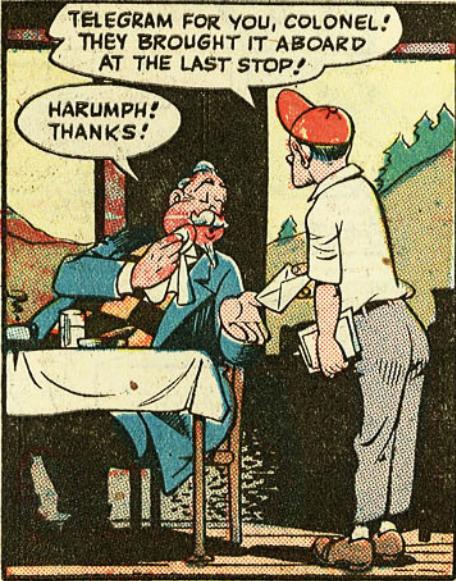


WHY, THEY SLAVE ALL YEAR
IN YUKSTER COUNTY, THINKING
OF THIS ONE WEEK WHEN THE
HARVEST WILL BE IN AND THEY
CAN COME TO TOWN TO BASK
IN THE JOY AND SUNSHINE
THAT EMANATES FROM
COLONEL LANE'S
MAMMOTH
CIRCUS!



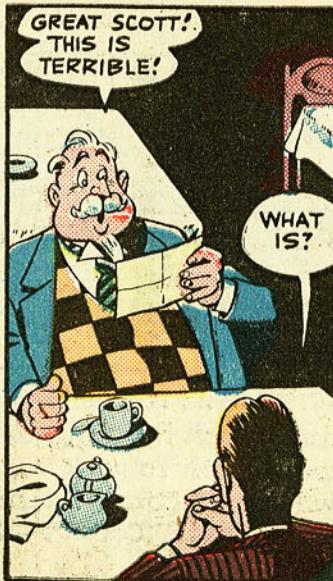
TELEGRAM FOR YOU, COLONEL!
THEY BROUGHT IT ABOARD
AT THE LAST STOP!

HARUMPH!
THANKS!



GREAT SCOTT!
THIS IS
TERRIBLE!

**WHAT
IS?**

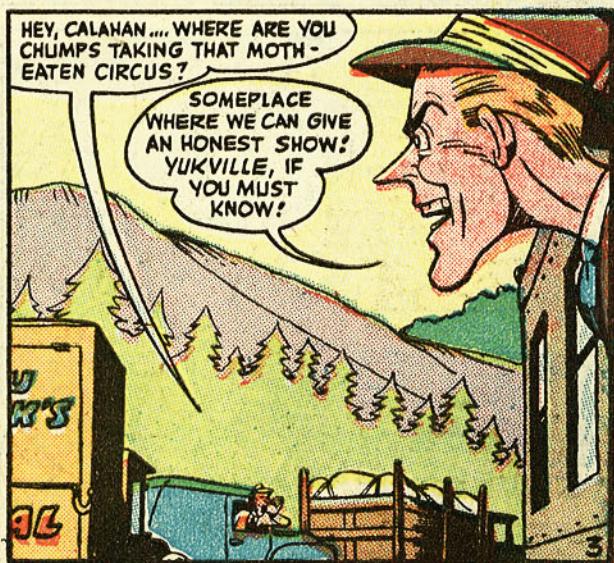
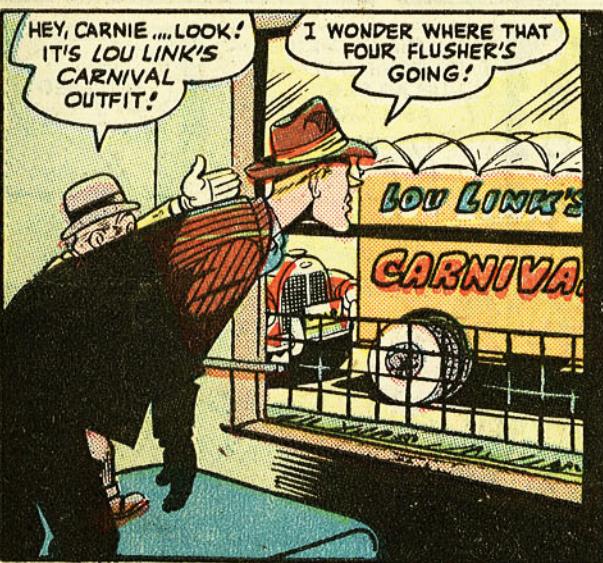
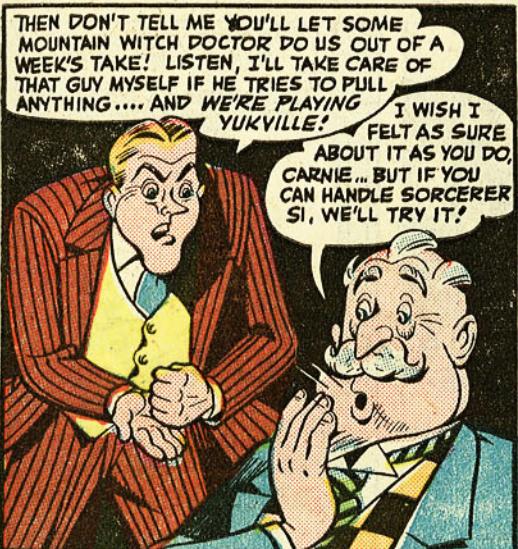
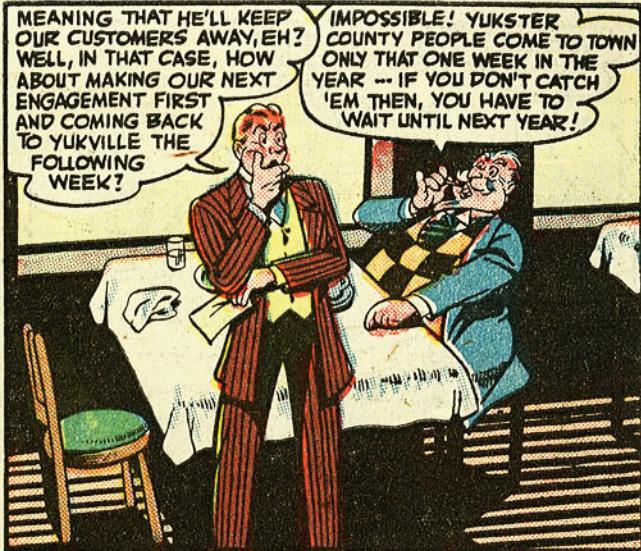


WESTHILL *[Signature]* TELEGRAM
COL. LANE
ENROUTE YUKVILLE
DONT COME TO YUKVILLE FOR
THE WEEK AFTER HARVEST OR
YOU'LL BRING MISFORTUNE
WITH YOU!
(SIGNED) SORCERER SI

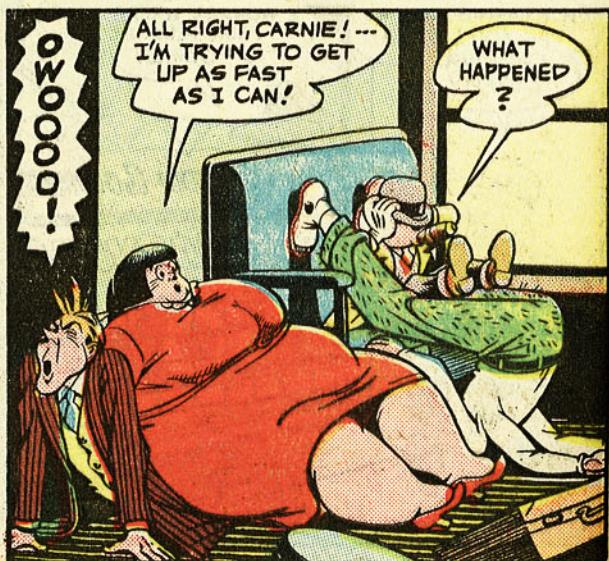
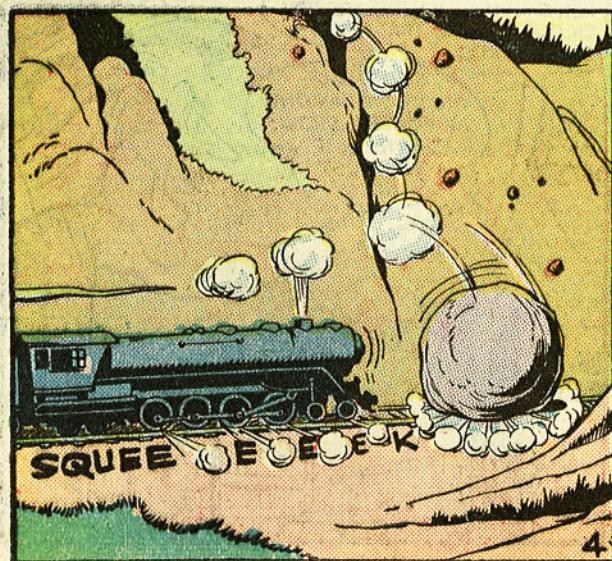
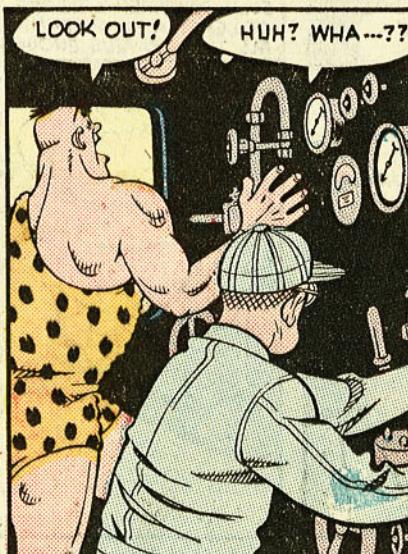
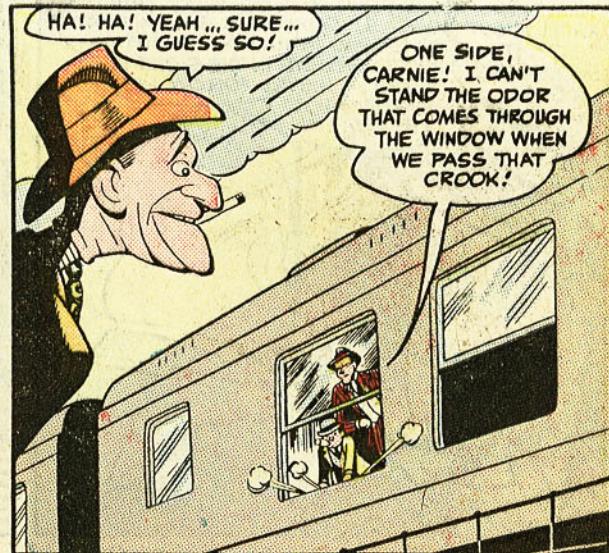
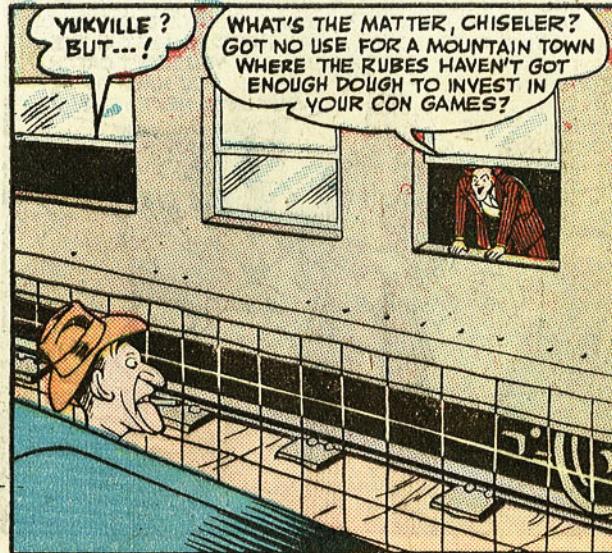
NATIONAL COMICS



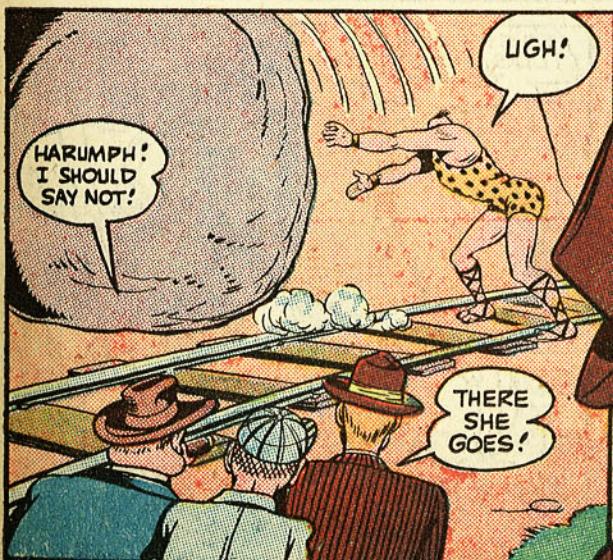
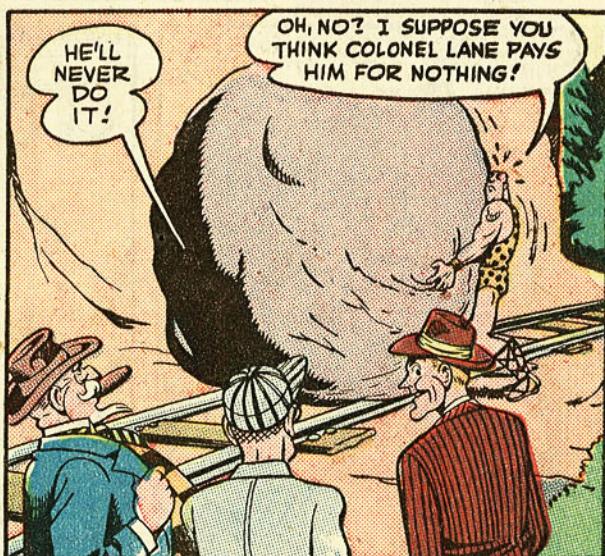
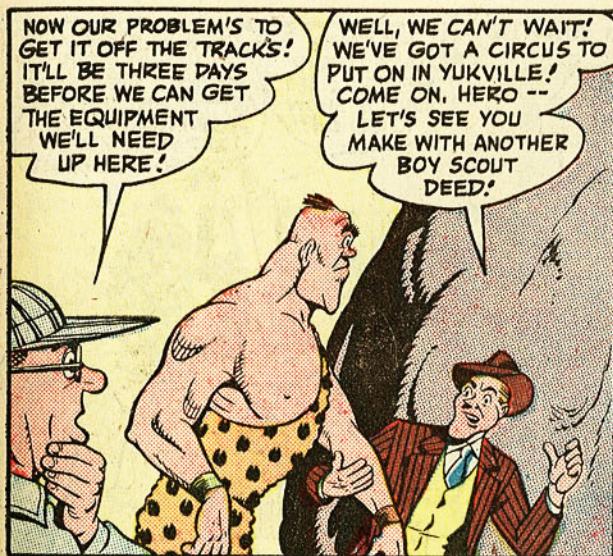
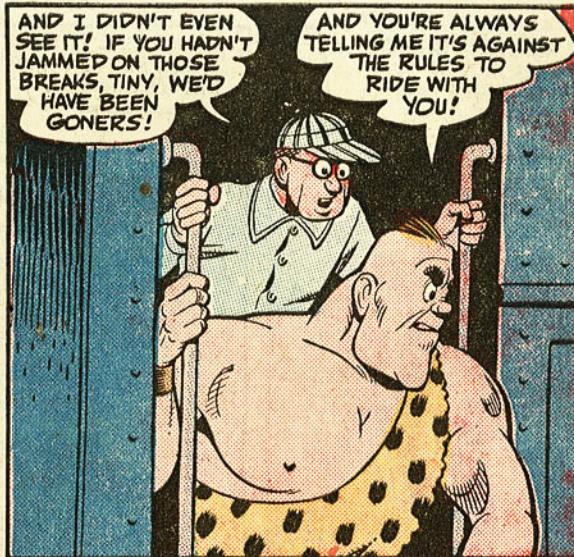
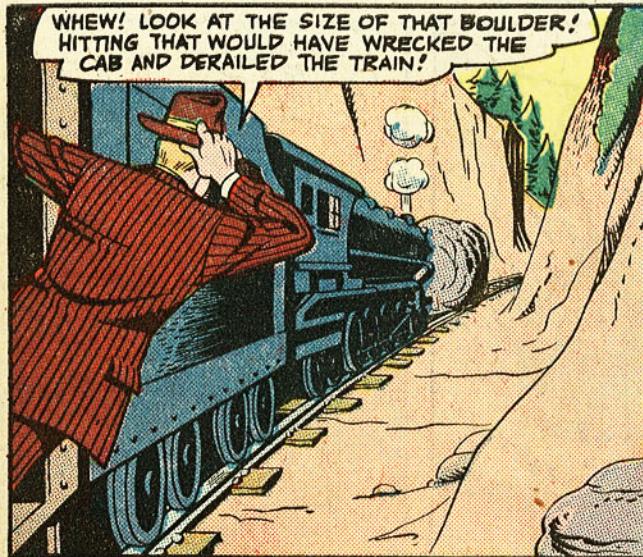
YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS! SORCERER SI IS A SORT OF LEGEND IN YUKSTER COUNTY---PEOPLE BELIEVE IN THE SIGNS HE READS ... THEY'LL FOLLOW HIS WARNINGS TO THE LETTER!



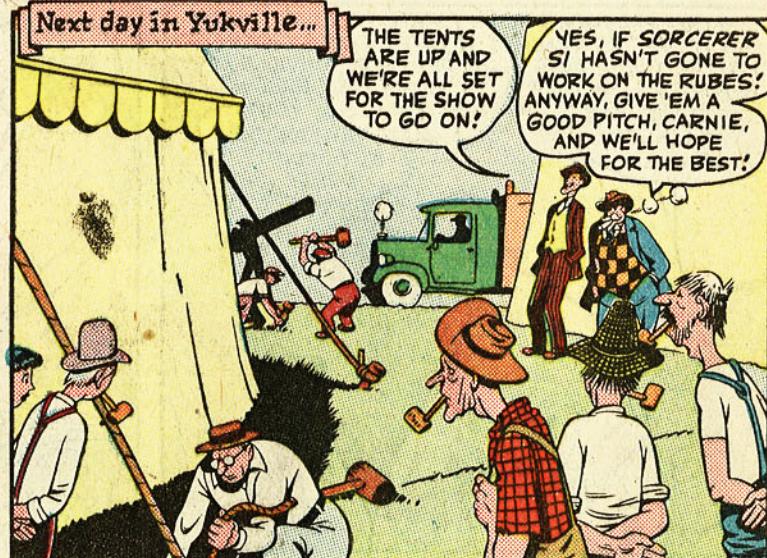
NATIONAL COMICS



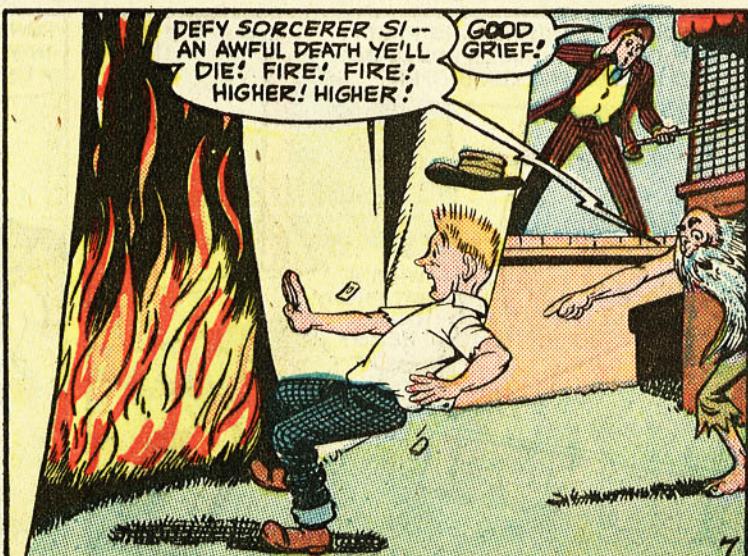
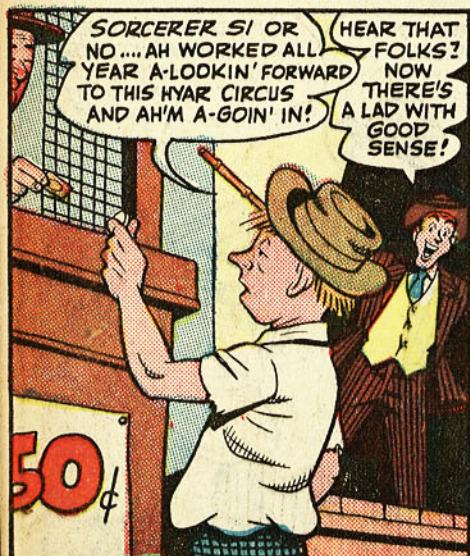
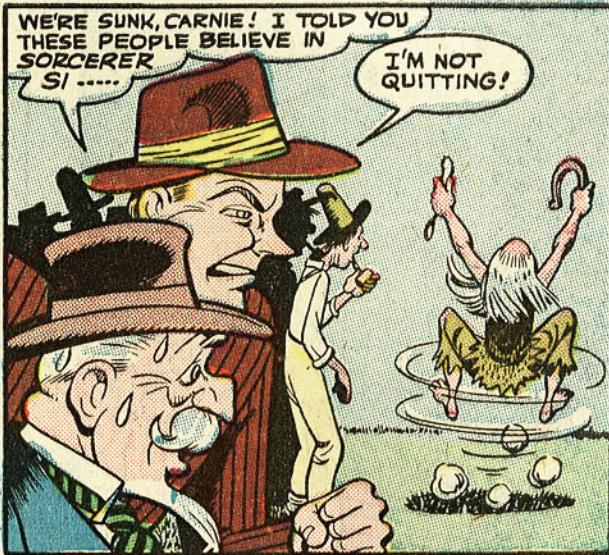
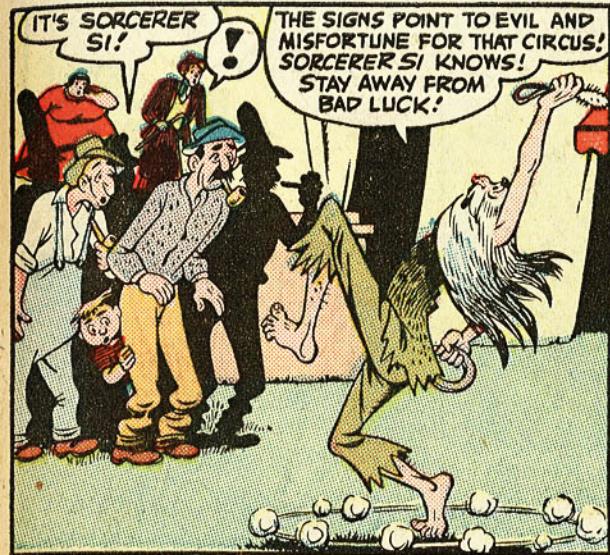
NATIONAL COMICS



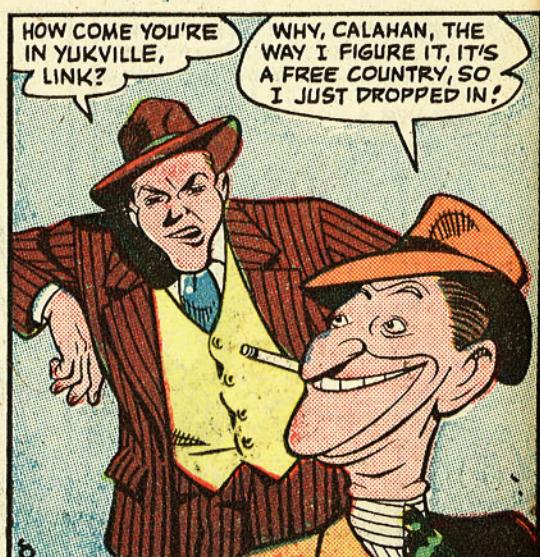
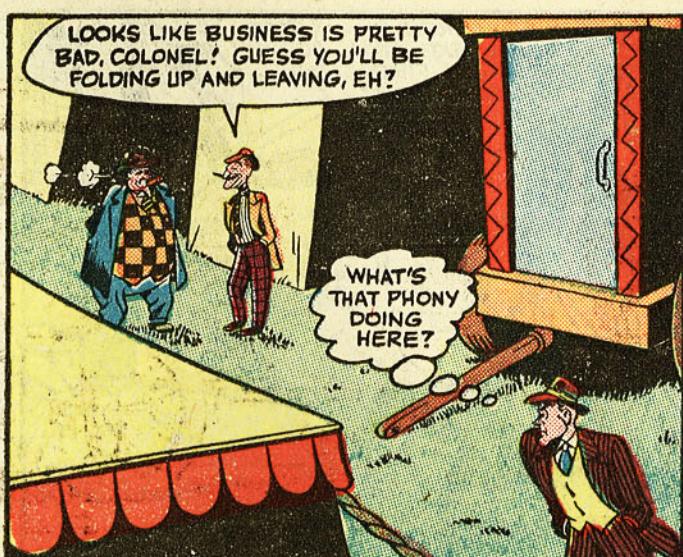
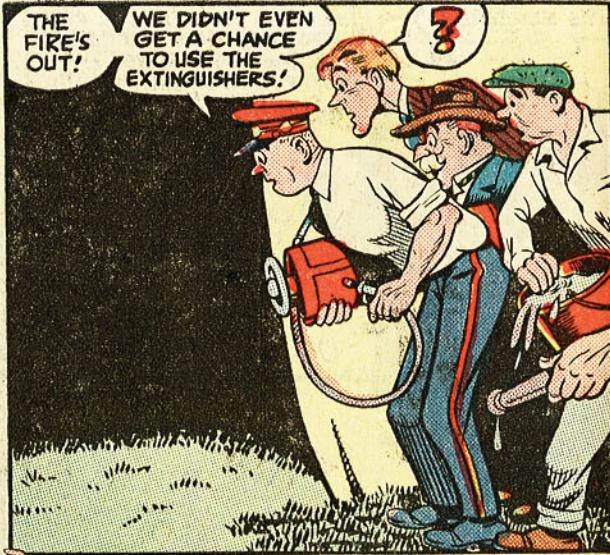
NATIONAL COMICS

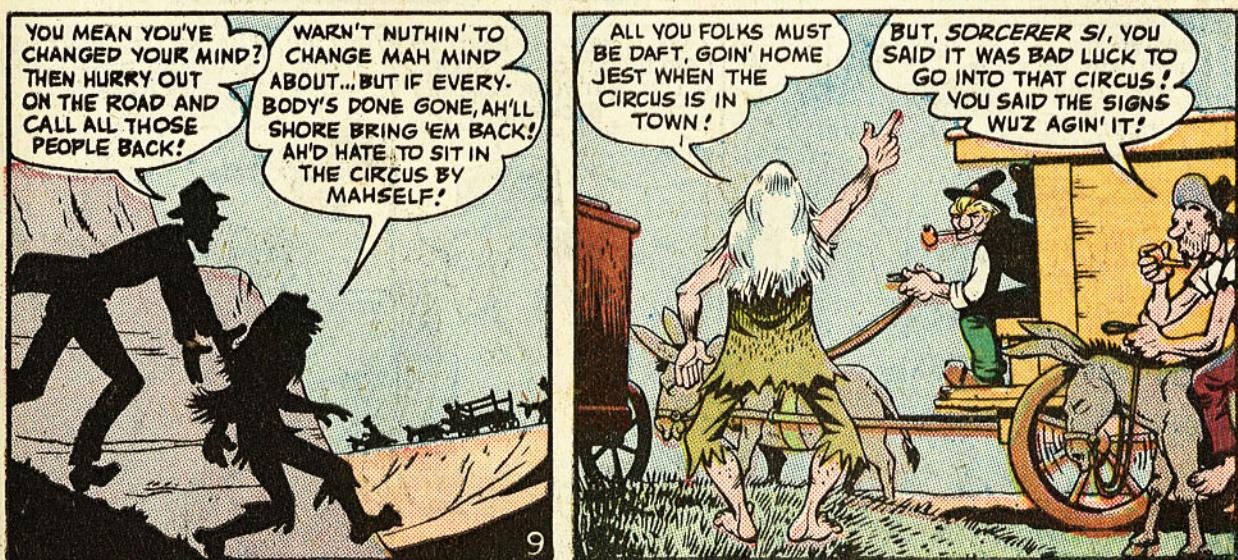
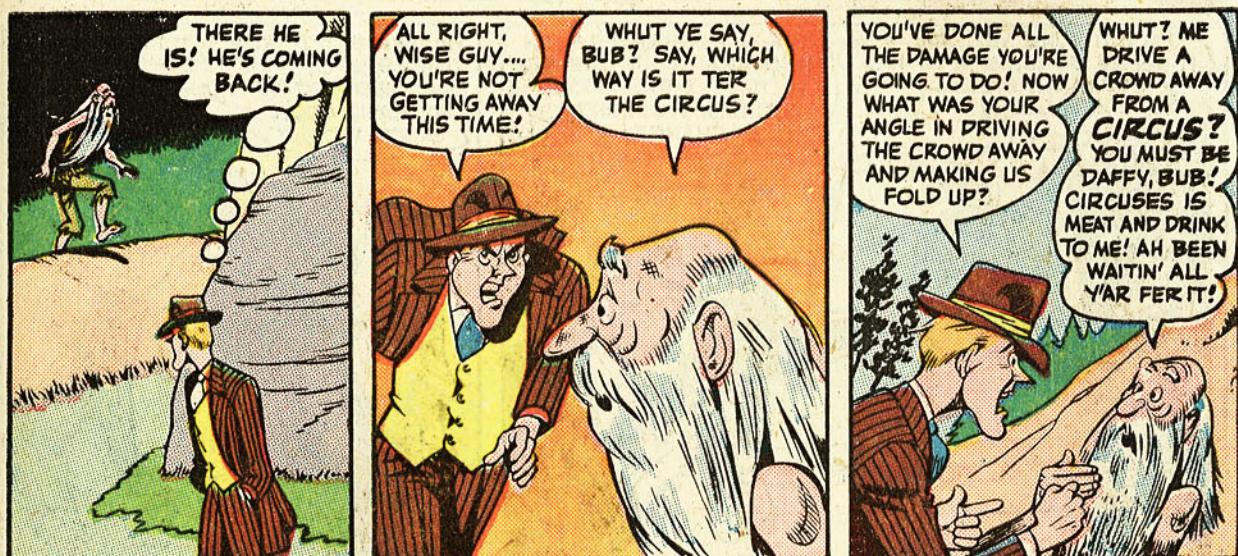
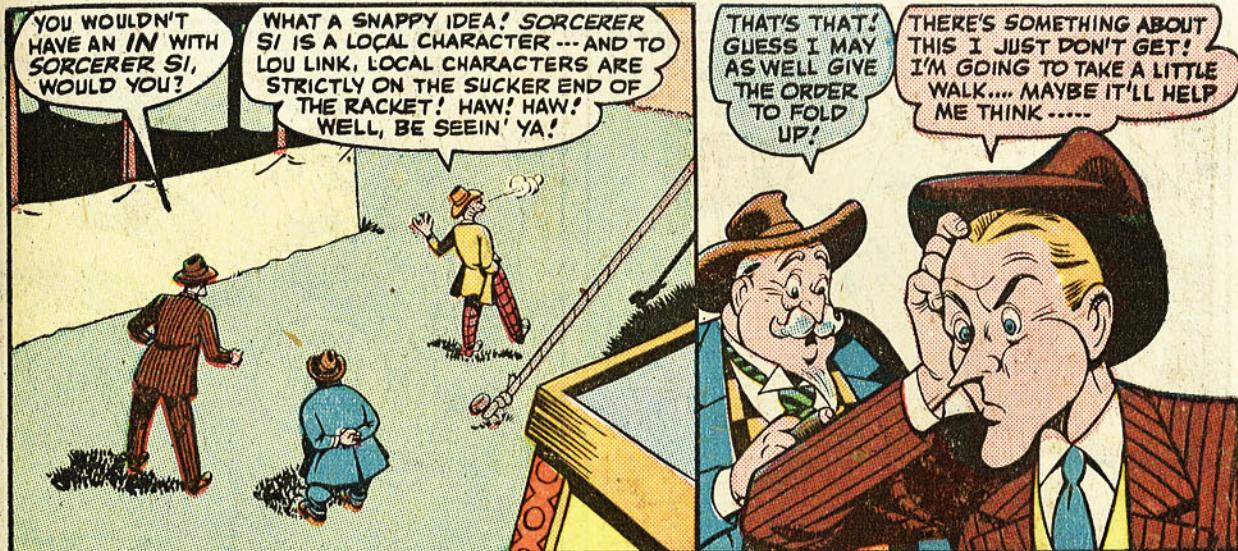


NATIONAL COMICS

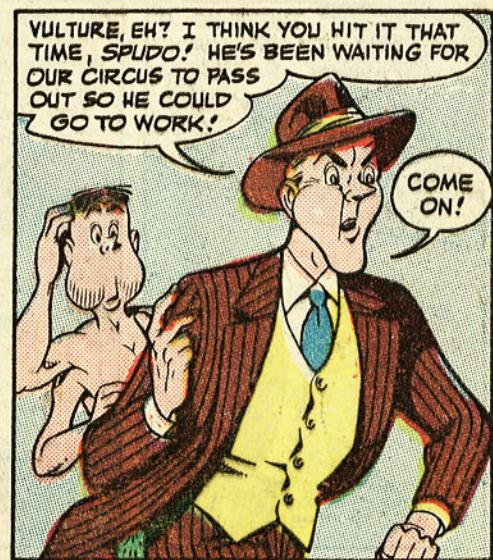
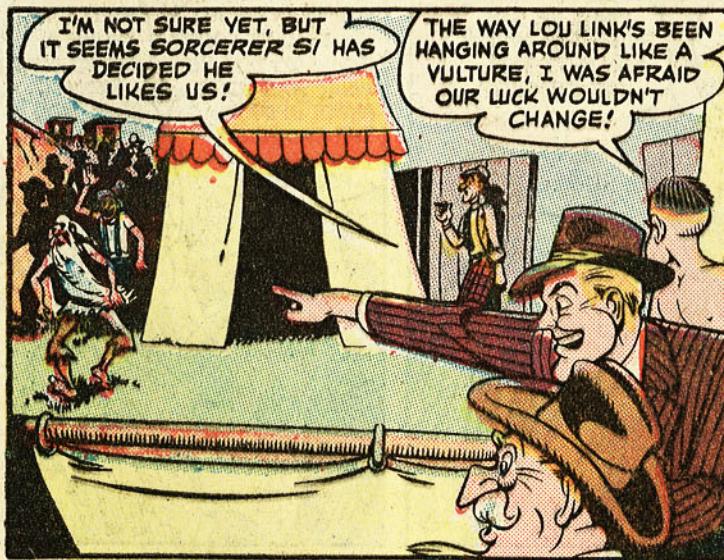
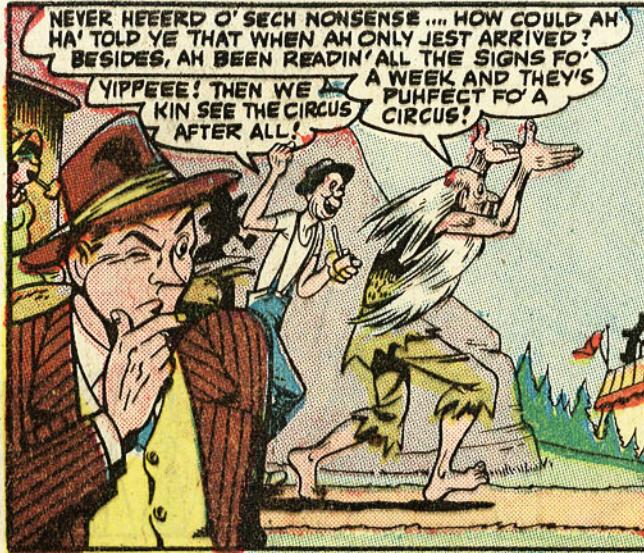


NATIONAL COMICS

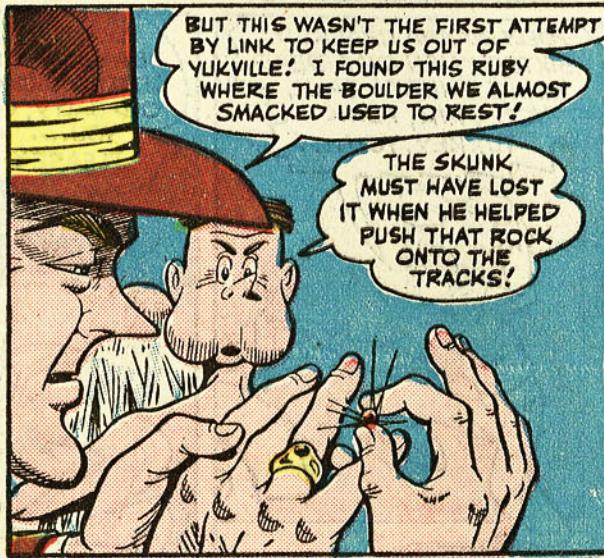
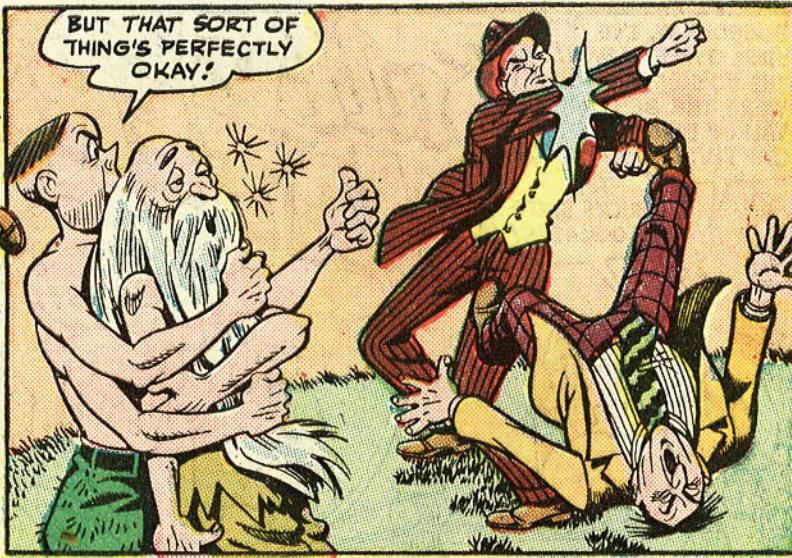




NATIONAL COMICS



NATIONAL COMICS



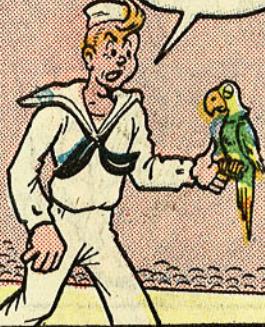
DOGGONE IT, I'VE
BEEN GYPPED AGAIN!
THE BO'SUN SAID YOU
WERE THE BEST
TALKIN' BIRD IN
CAPTIVITY!

Salty Watters

WHAT THE HECK GOOD IS A
PARROT WHO WON'T TALK?
GIVE WITH THE GAB, YOU
GOLLY-BE-GAGGED, TONGUE-LESS
TOUCAN, YOU!

TEN
BUCKS SHOT
TO BLAZES!

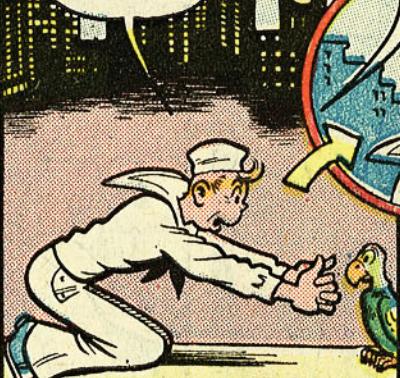
I'VE OWNED YOU
THREE HOURS AND
YOU AIN'T SAID
BEANS!



POLLY WANNA CRACKER!
SIXTEEN MEN ON A DEAD
MAN'S CHEST! TALK,
YOU PINK, PUNK
TURKEY, YOU...!



PLEASE, PARROT!
SAY JUST ONE
LITTLE WORD FOR
OLD SALTY, WON'T
YOU.... PLEASE?



MAYBE
HE CAN'T
TALK,
BUD!

EH?

MAYBE HE JUST
AIN'T THE TYPE BIRD
WHAT'S ABLE
TO TALK,
Y'KNOW!

OH,
THAT KIND
CAN TALK,
ALL RIGHT!



WELL, MAYBE THEN
HE JUST AIN'T IN THE
MOOD! BIRDS ARE
FUNNY THAT WAY, YOU
KNOW! ... WHY, I
REMEMBER ONCE
WHEN ...

NO! NO!
NO!



STAGE
ENTRANCE

NOW PLAYING...
PIERRE DE POOCH

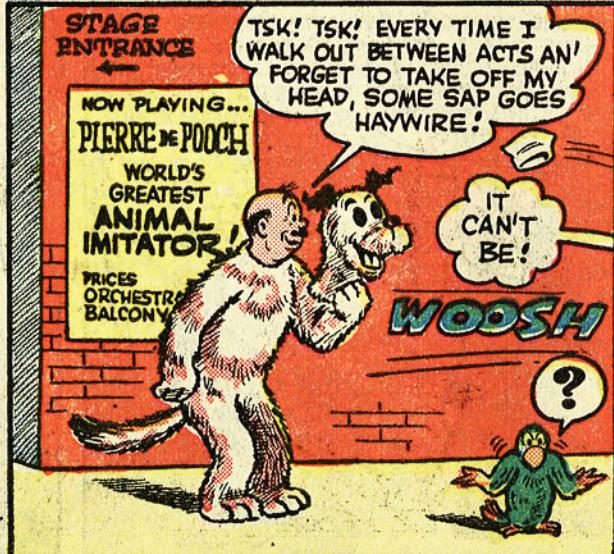
WORLD'S
GREATEST
ANIMAL
IMITATOR!

PRICES
ORCHESTRA
BALCONY

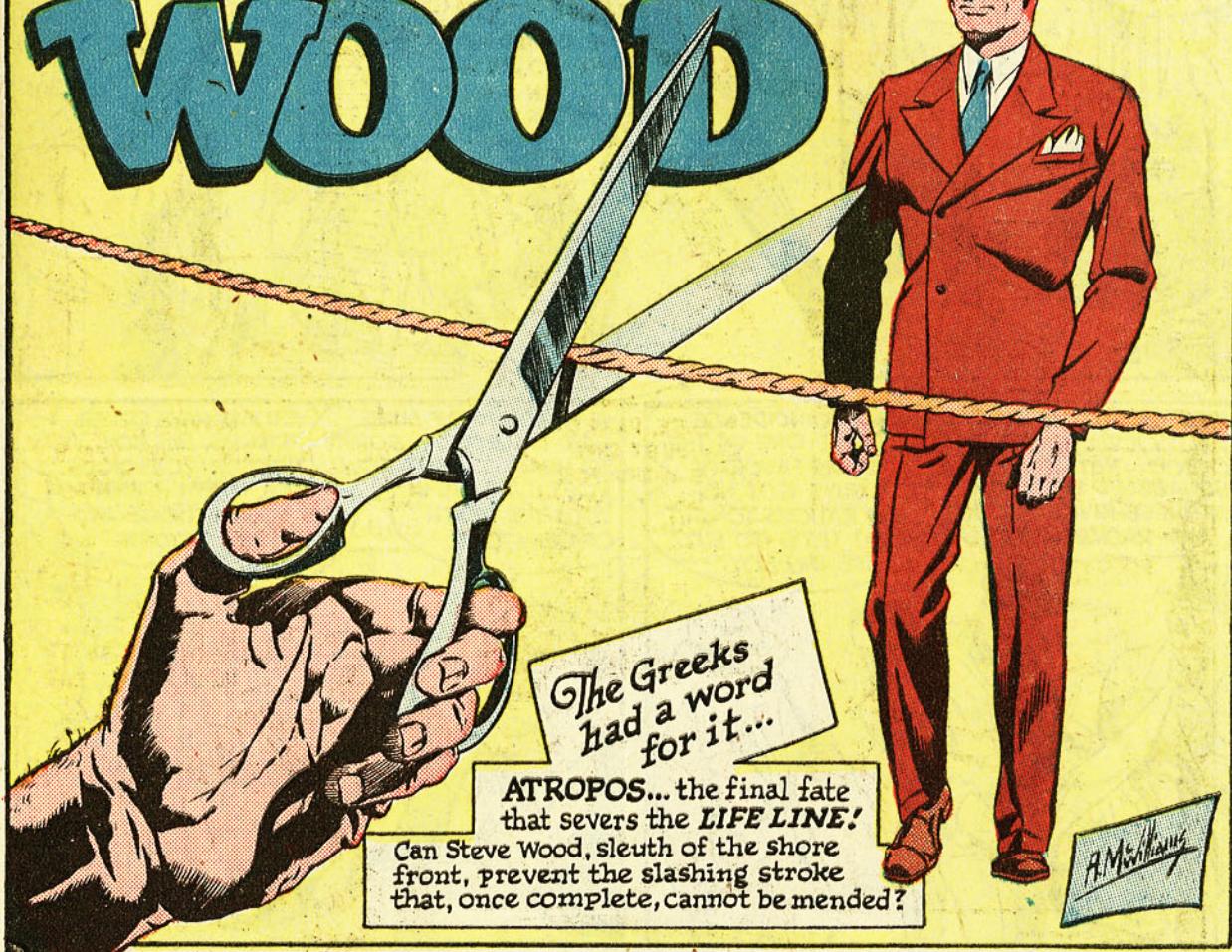
TSK! TSK! EVERY TIME I
WALK OUT BETWEEN ACTS AN'
FORGET TO TAKE OFF MY
HEAD, SOME SAP GOES
HAYWIRE!

IT
CAN'T
BE!

WOOSH



Steve WOOD



It's not really polite, but let's look in on a certain brash hoodlum **JUST AFTER HE DIED**....

IT WAS HIM OR ME, PUNCHY!

KINDA AWKWARD, CEMITOS! THE BIG BOY GAVE HIM SPECIAL ORDERS TO KILL YOU --- AND HE EXPECTS TO GET HIS ORDERS CARRIED OUT!

BOTH THE COPS AND I SO I DON'T TAKE A ROAD! MY OYSTER BOAT'S WAITING DOWN AT THE PIER! WILL BE OUT FOR YOU! IN FIVE MINUTES, MAYBE, EVERY ROAD OUT OF TOWN WILL BE WATCHED!

I'LL SAIL AWAY UNTIL IT BLOWS OVER!



NATIONAL COMICS

Ah, Cemitos -- of all the ways out, you shouldn't have taken your own boat!



CEMITOS, EH? HE WASN'T REALLY A WATERFRONT CROOK -- BUT HE SQUABBLED WITH SOME OF THESE RIVER PIRATES AND RACKETEERS!

FUNNY COINCIDENCE -- OR IS IT? ONE OF THE BIG BOY'S FAVORITE GUN GUYS GOT HIS LEAD RATIONS TONIGHT, TOO! LET'S GO BUZZ' THE BIG BOY!



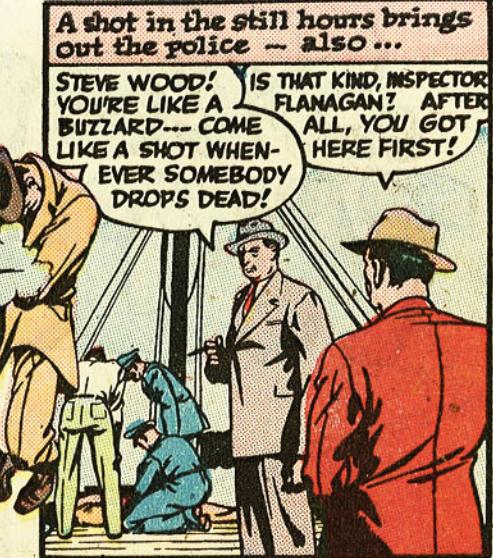
YOU KNOW MY ASSOCIATES, FLANAGAN! THEY'VE BEEN HERE ALL EVENING, PLAYING CARDS! WE ALL YOUCHE FOR EACH OTHER!

HMM... SO YOU SAY... AND SO I CAN'T DISPROVE -- NOT JUST YET!



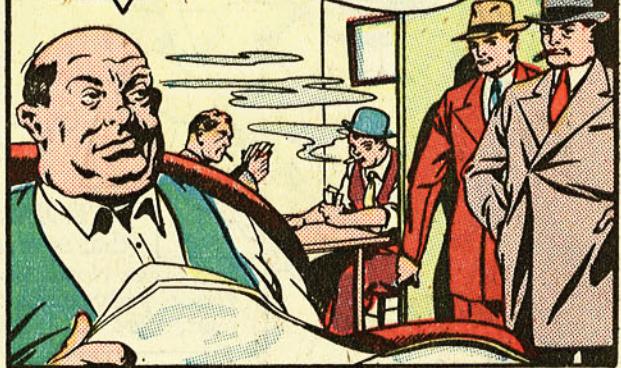
A shot in the still hours brings out the police -- also ...

STEVE WOOD! IS THAT KIND, INSPECTOR FLANAGAN? AFTER BUZZARD -- COME LIKE A SHOT WHENEVER SOMEBODY DROPS DEAD!



IF A FRIEND OF MINE GOT KILLED, I'M SORRY TO HEAR IT, BUT HOW DOES IT TIE ME IN WITH THE DEATH OF CEMITOS?

YOU MAY HAVE OTHER FRIENDS, BIG BOY, VERY TRIGGER-CONSCIOUS, TOO! MAYBE CEMITOS GOT YOUR STOOGE AND ANOTHER STOOGE GOT HIM!

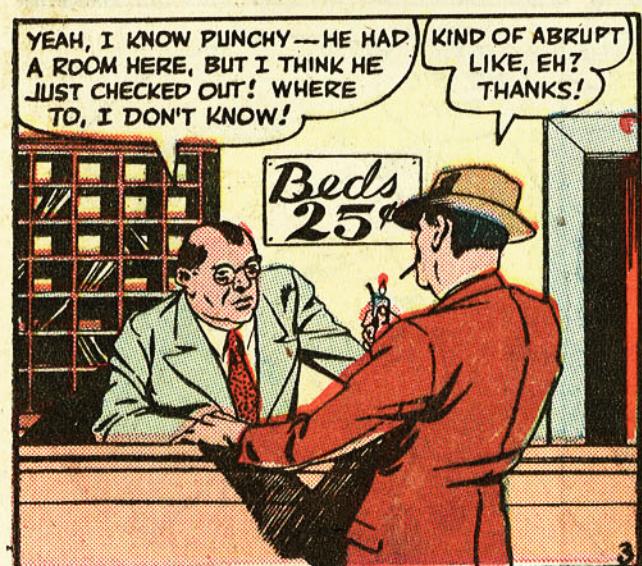
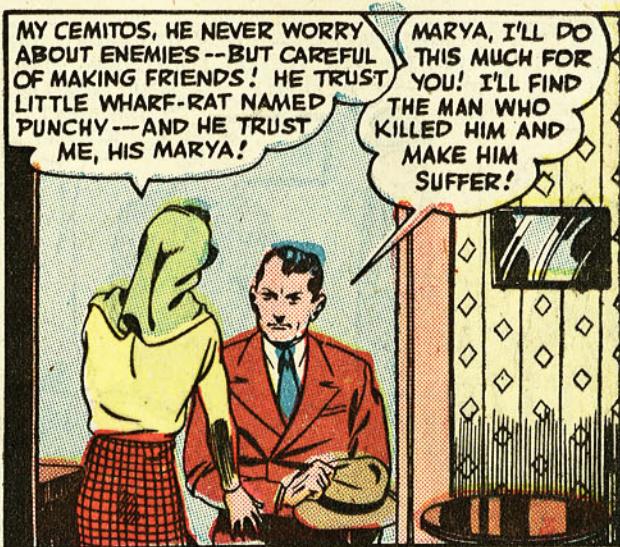
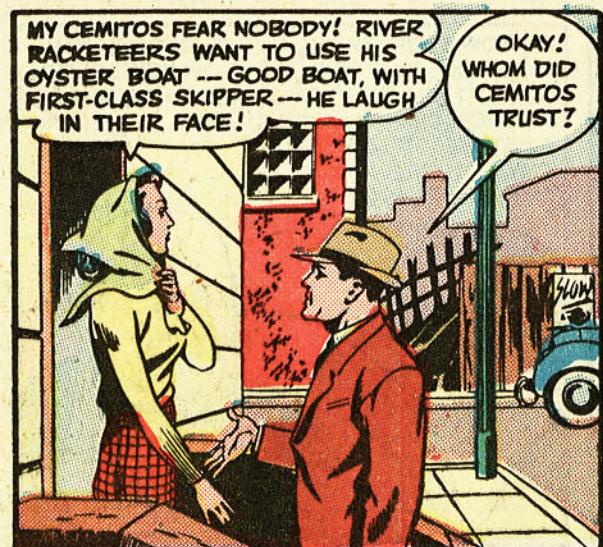


IF THE BIG BOY'S HOODS DIDN'T GET CEMITOS, IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE ---

BRILLIANT, FLANAGAN! HOW DO YOU THINK OF THESE THINGS?

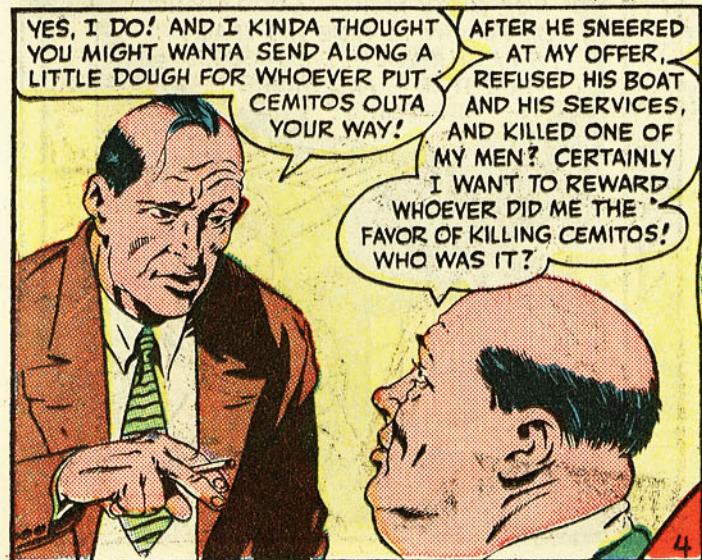
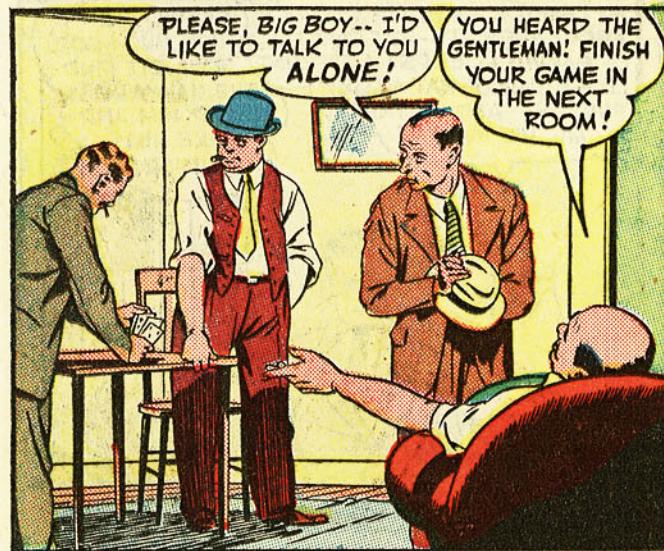
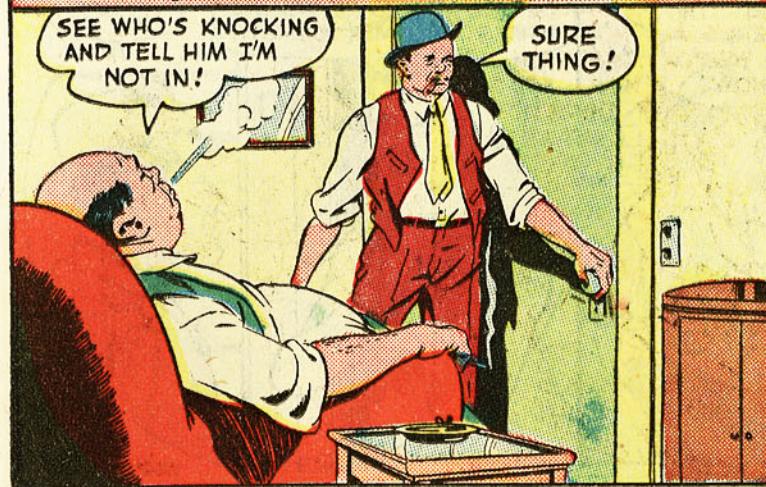


NATIONAL COMICS

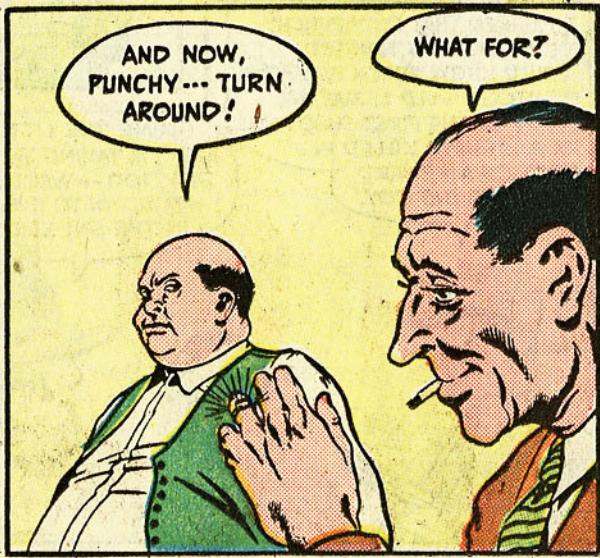
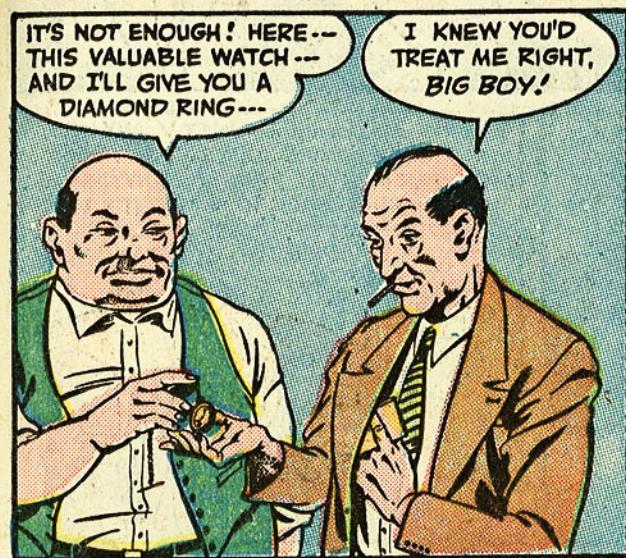
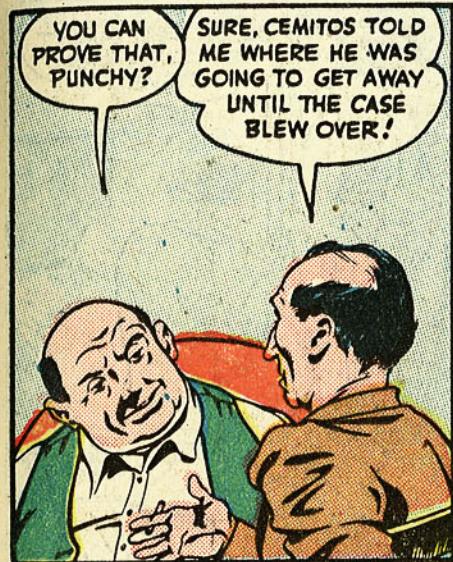


NATIONAL COMICS

And so, while many search in the night, ONE figure in the tragic tale seems unconcerned



NATIONAL COMICS



NATIONAL COMICS

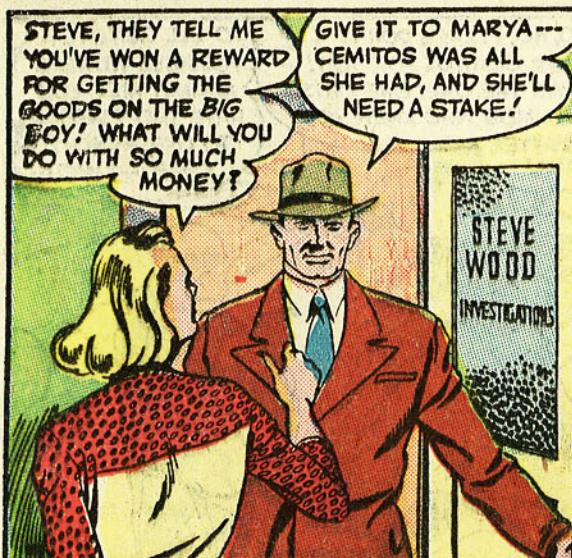
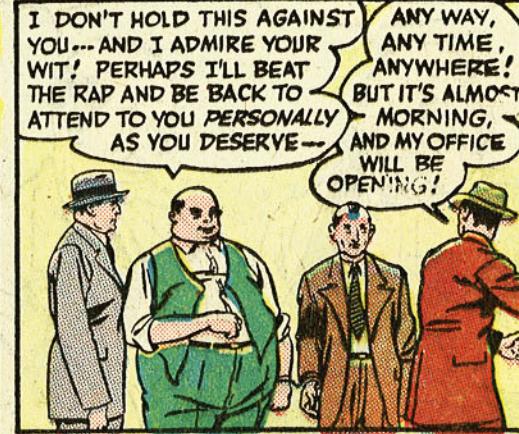


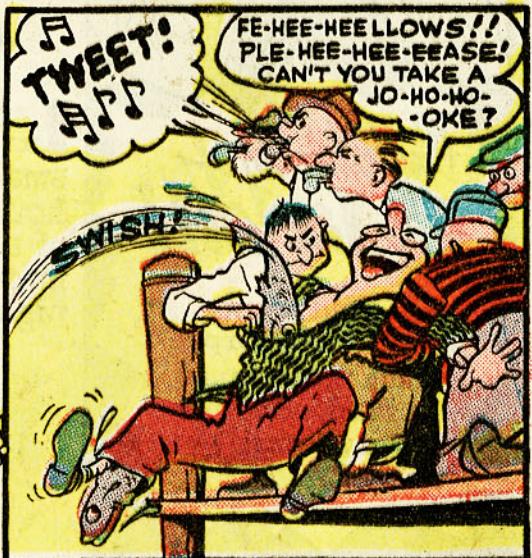
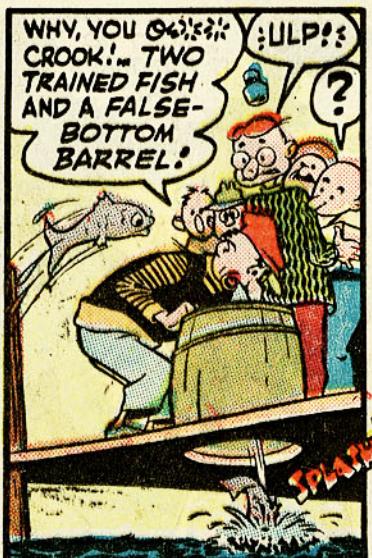
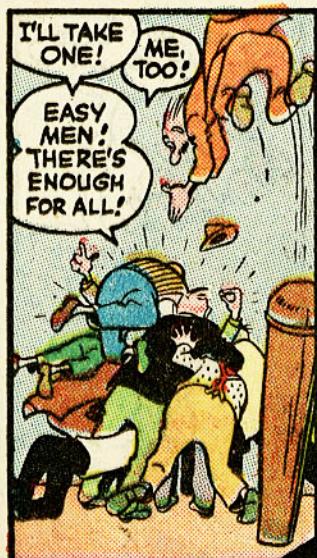
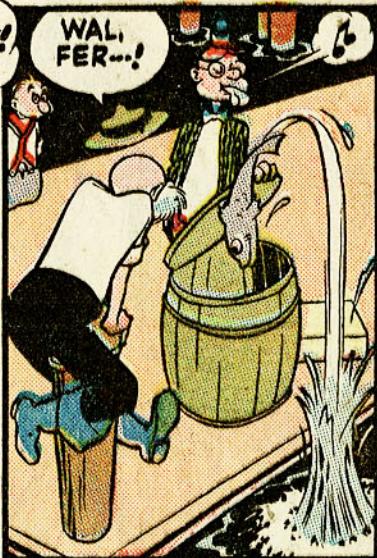
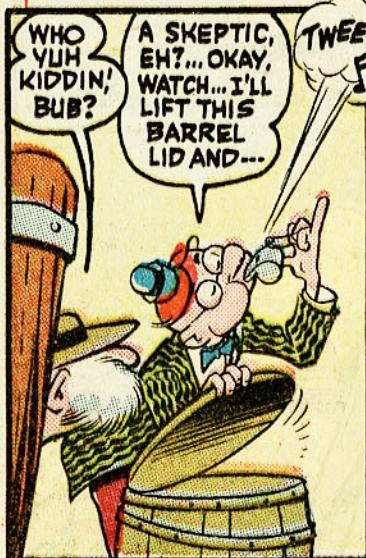
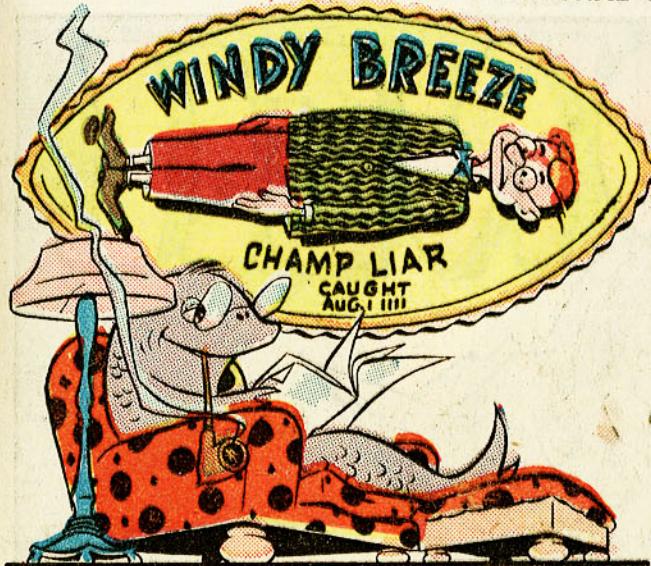
I FIGURED THAT ONLY PUNCHY---
WHOM CEMITOS TRUSTED---
WOULD KNOW WHICH WAY
CEMITOS WOULD LEAVE THE
SCENE OF THE FIRST SHOOTING!
HE MUST HAVE KILLED IN
HOPE OF A REWARD
FROM THE BIG BOY!

GIMME THE LITTLE RAT!
AND I'M TAKING THE BIG
BOY, TOO ---WE'LL SWEAT
HIM DOWN TO DWARF SIZE
IN THE SNEEZER!

I DON'T HOLD THIS AGAINST
YOU--- AND I ADMIRE YOUR
WIT! PERHAPS I'LL BEAT
THE RAP AND BE BACK TO
ATTEND TO YOU PERSONALLY
AS YOU DESERVE--

ANY WAY,
ANY TIME,
ANYWHERE!
BUT IT'S ALMOST
MORNING,
AND MY OFFICE
WILL BE
OPENING!





Sally O'NEIL



Compliments of
The Jackal!

-- So read a note pinned to a corpse which was dumped on the doorstep of Policewoman Sally O'Neil!

In the small hours of a moonless night...

I WON'T DO IT AND THAT'S THAT!

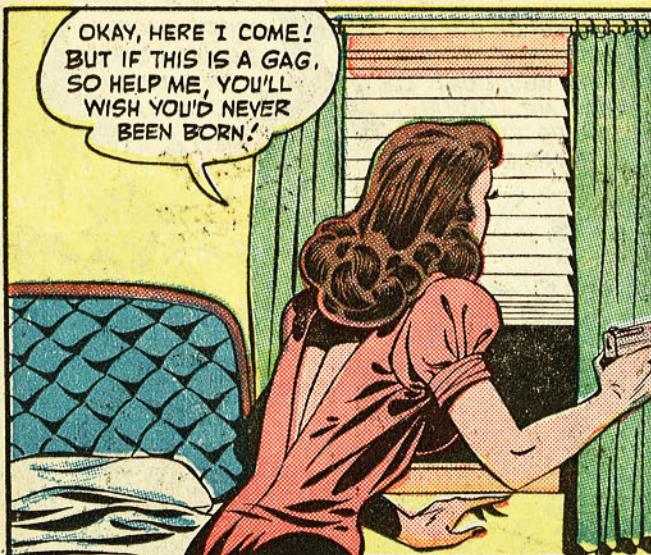
HE CAN'T FORCE ME TO

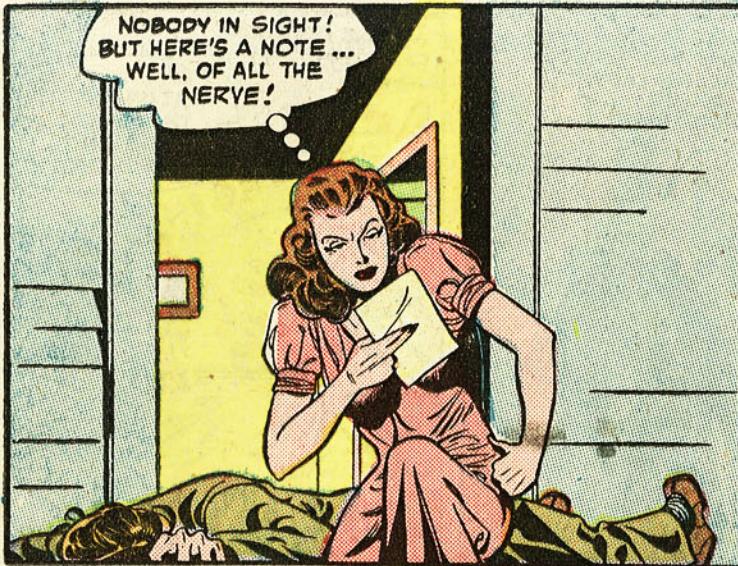
EEAH! HA-HA!

WHAT'S THAT?

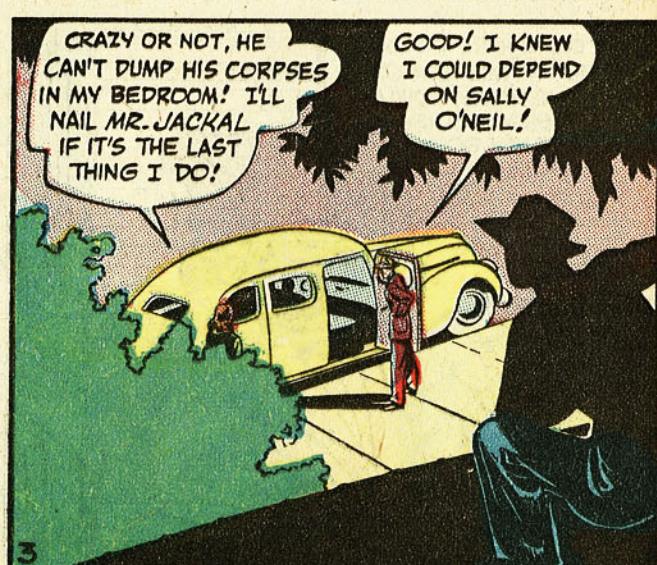


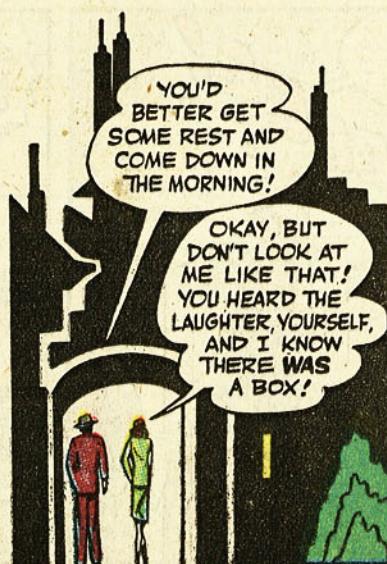
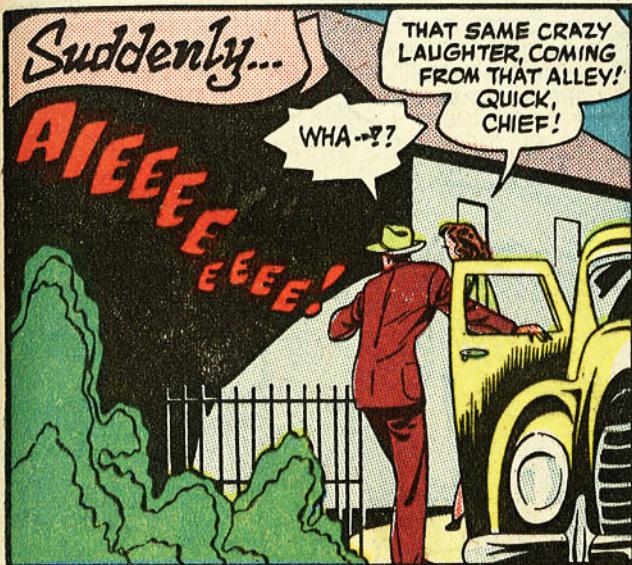
NATIONAL COMICS



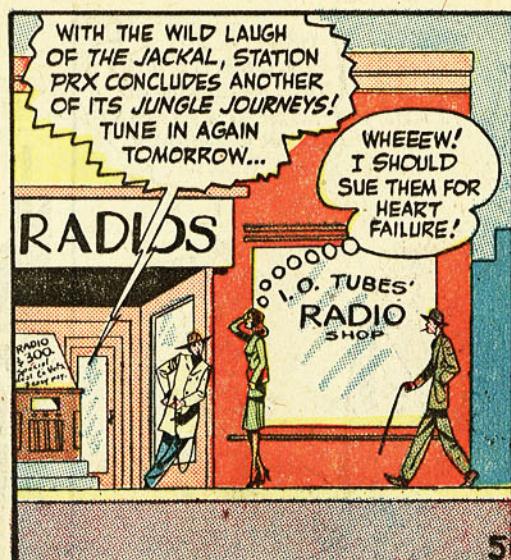
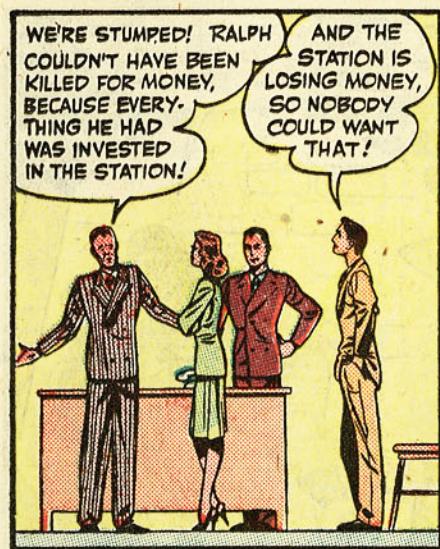
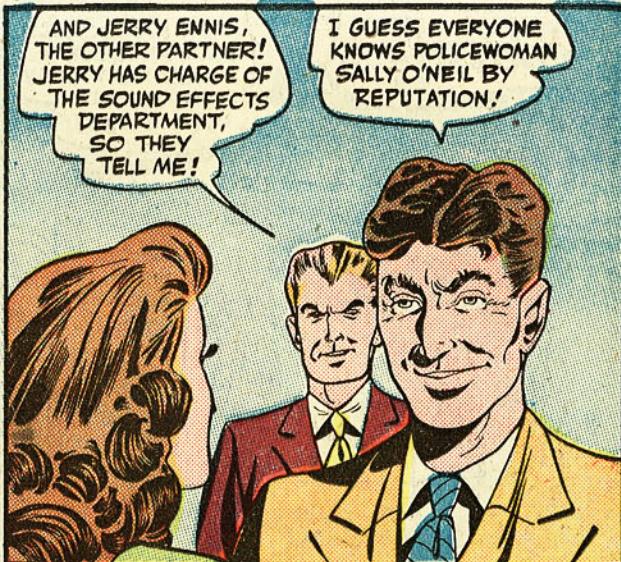
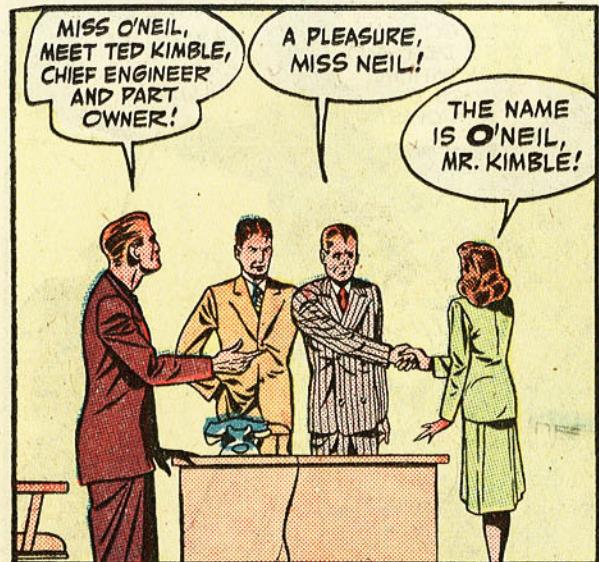


For
Sally O'Neil!
Compliments
of
The Jackal!





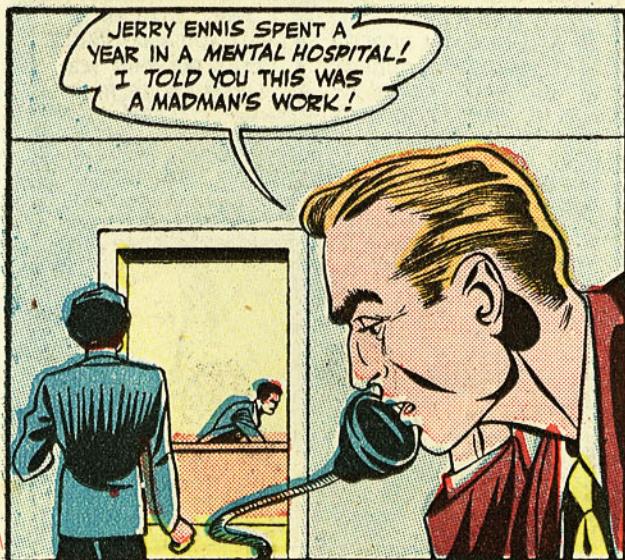
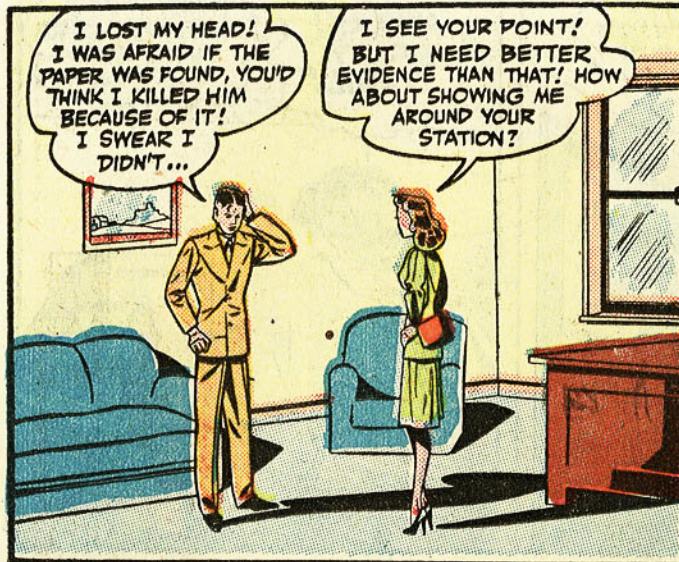
NATIONAL COMICS



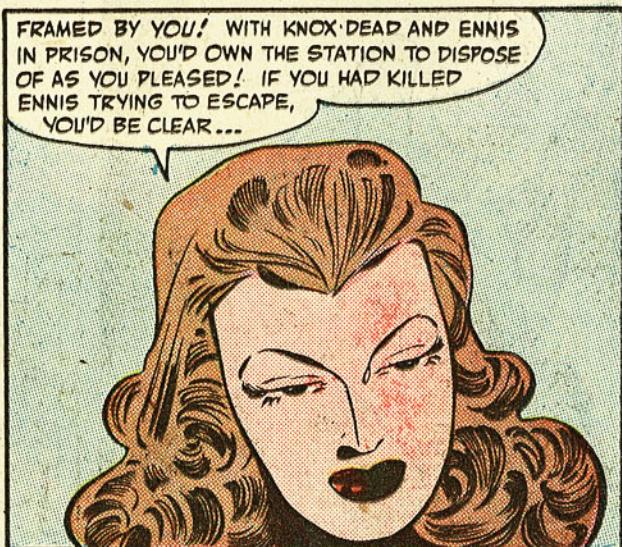
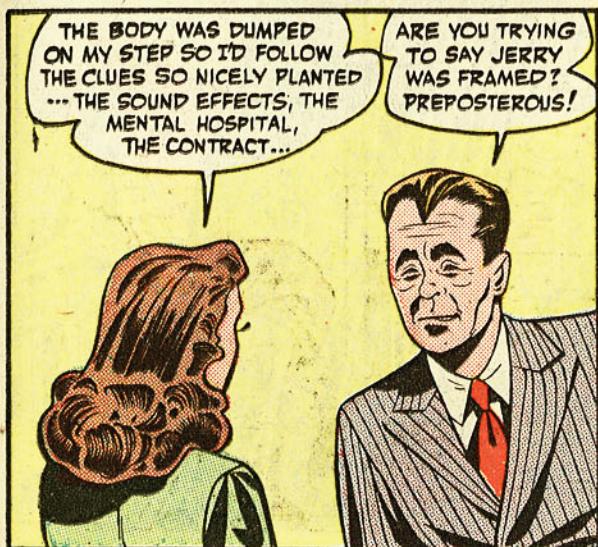
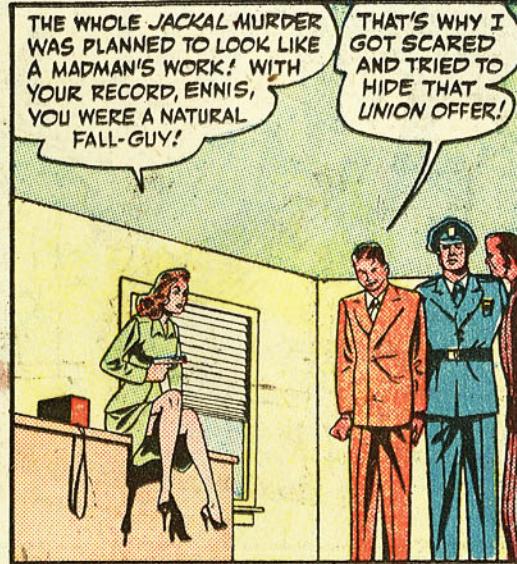
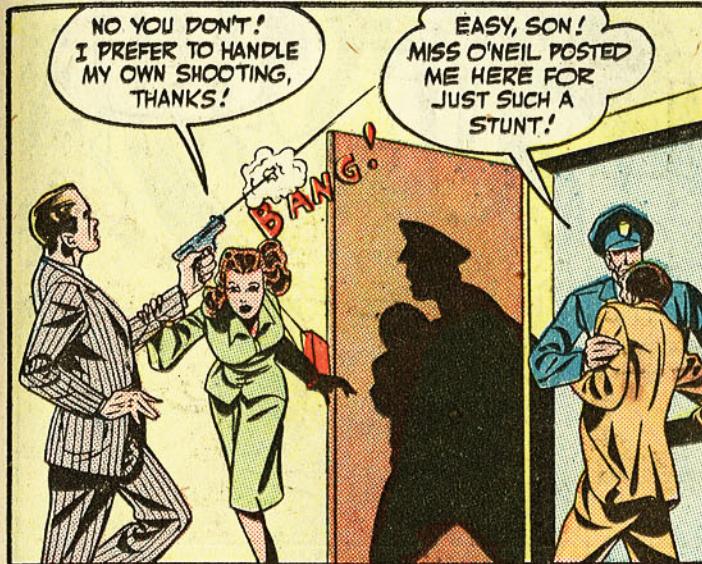
NATIONAL COMICS



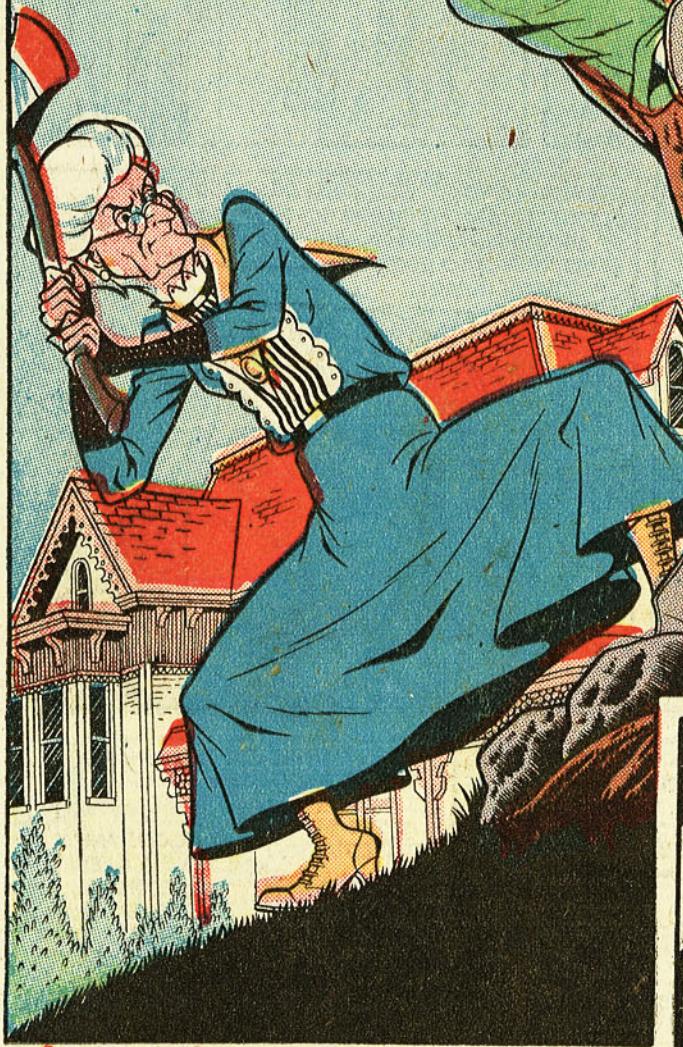
NATIONAL COMICS



NATIONAL COMICS



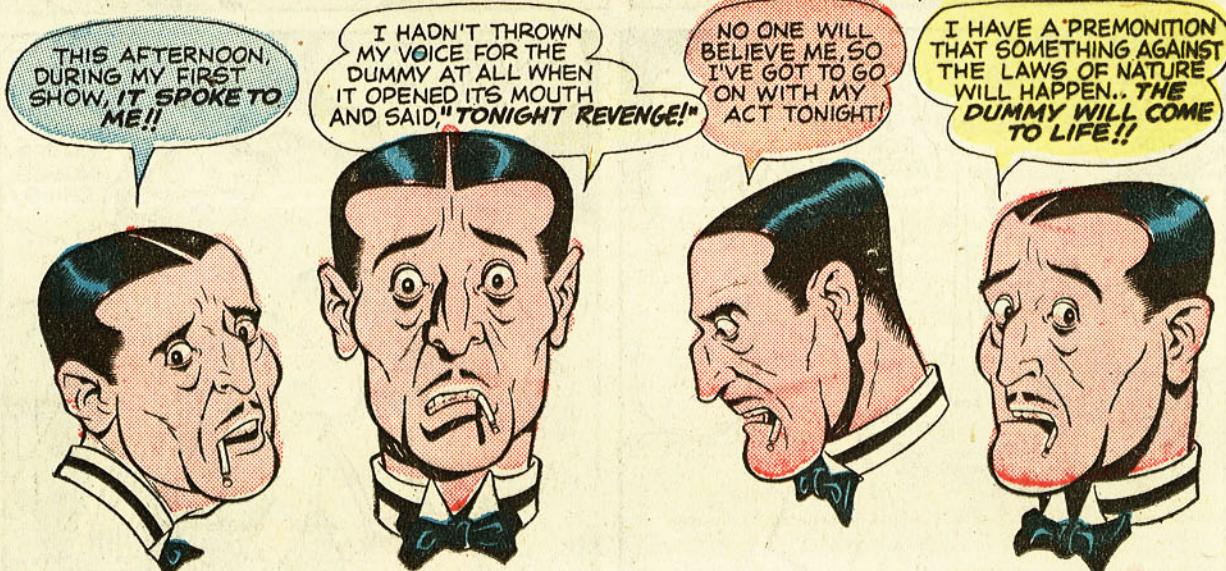
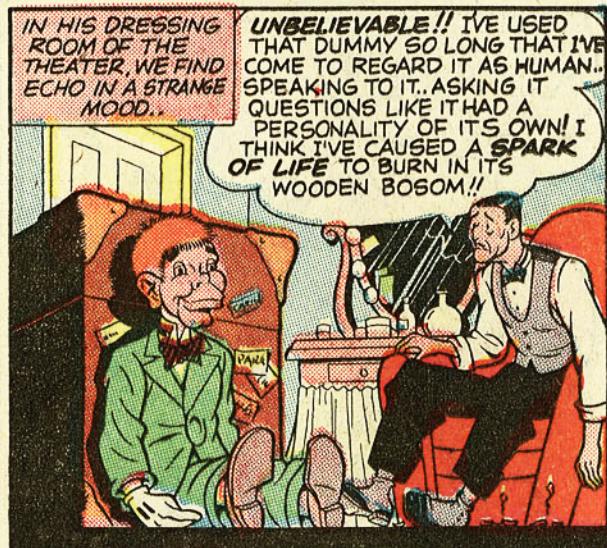
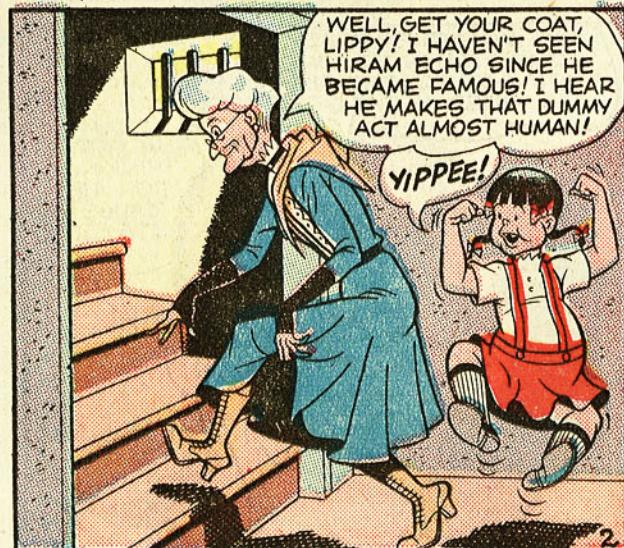
GRANNY GUMSHOE



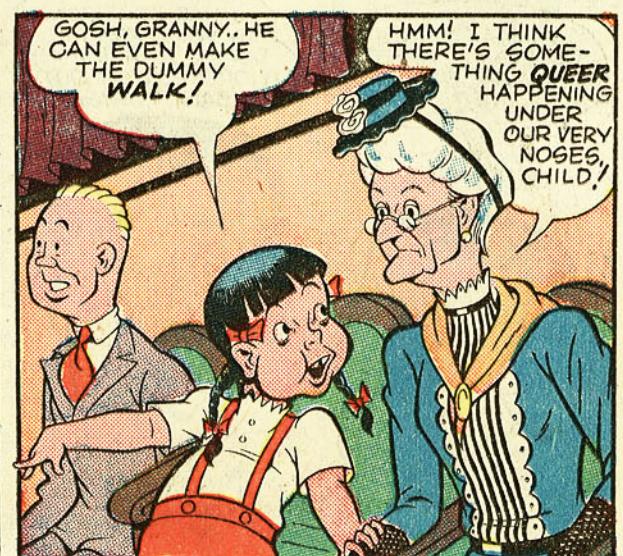
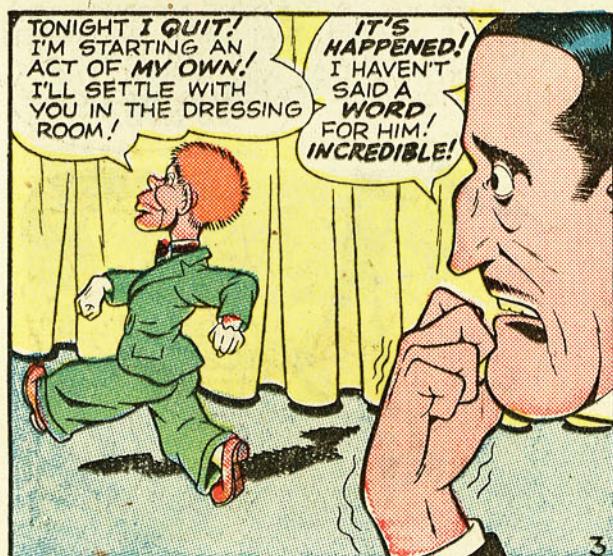
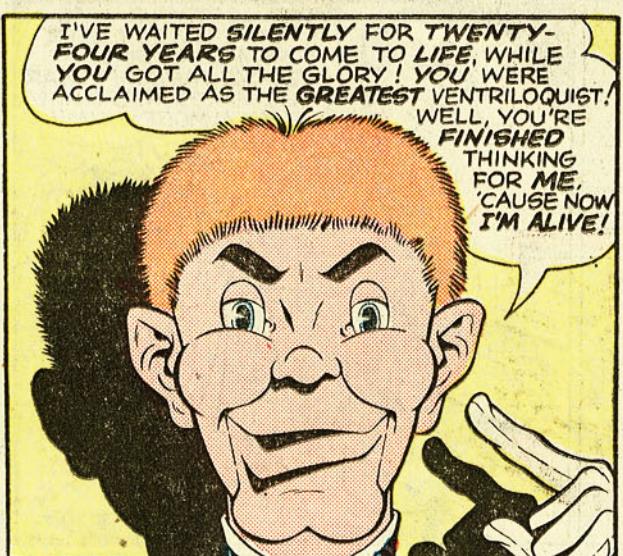
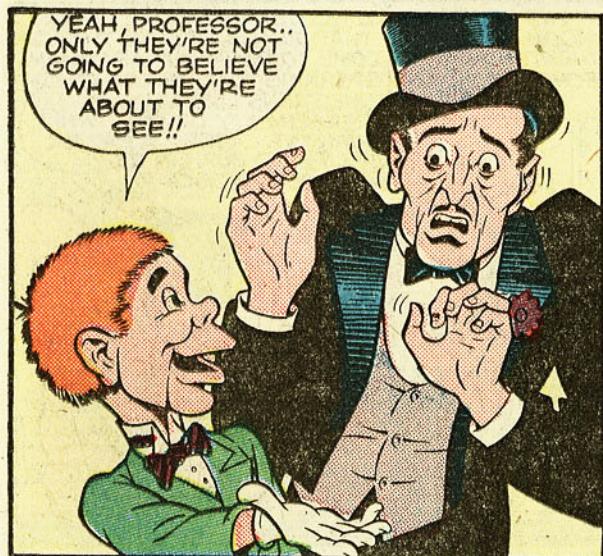
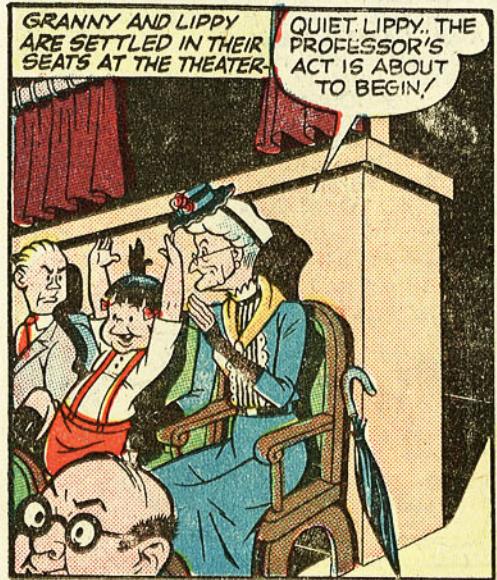
SOMEWHERE IN THE SUBURBS OF WESTON LIVES A LOVABLE, OLD LADY! NO ONE WOULD HAVE BELIEVED THAT THIS QUAIN'T PERSON HAD A SECRET PASSION FOR CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION AND INVENTION.. THESE HOBBIES CAME IN HANDY WHEN GRANNY GUMSHOE GOT INVOLVED IN A STRANGE ADVENTURE! IT ALL STARTED WHEN HER GRANDDAUGHTER, LIPPY LU, CALLED



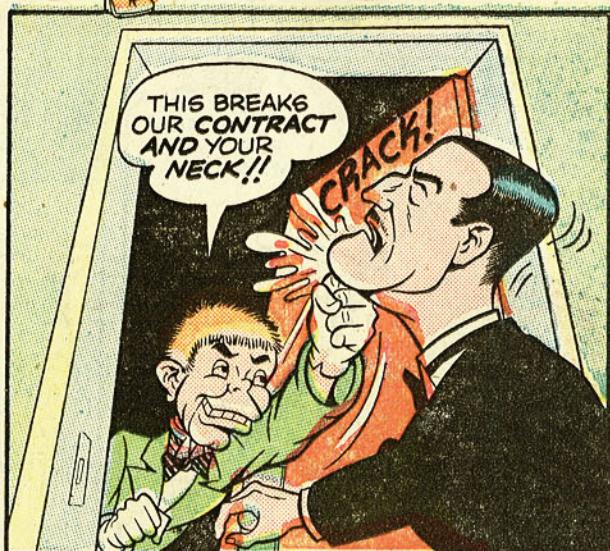
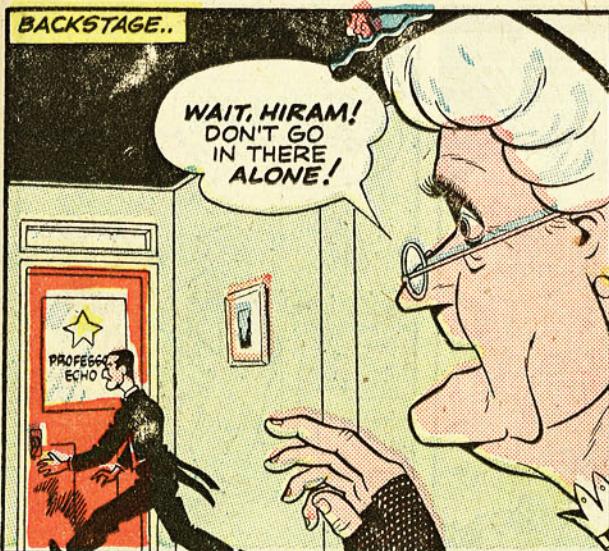
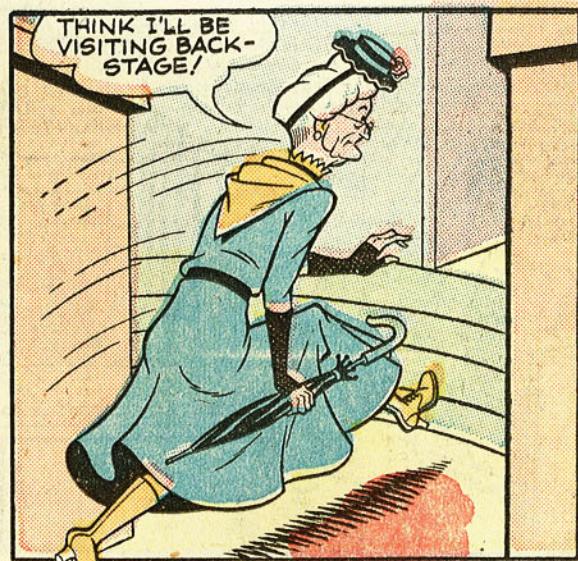
NATIONAL COMICS



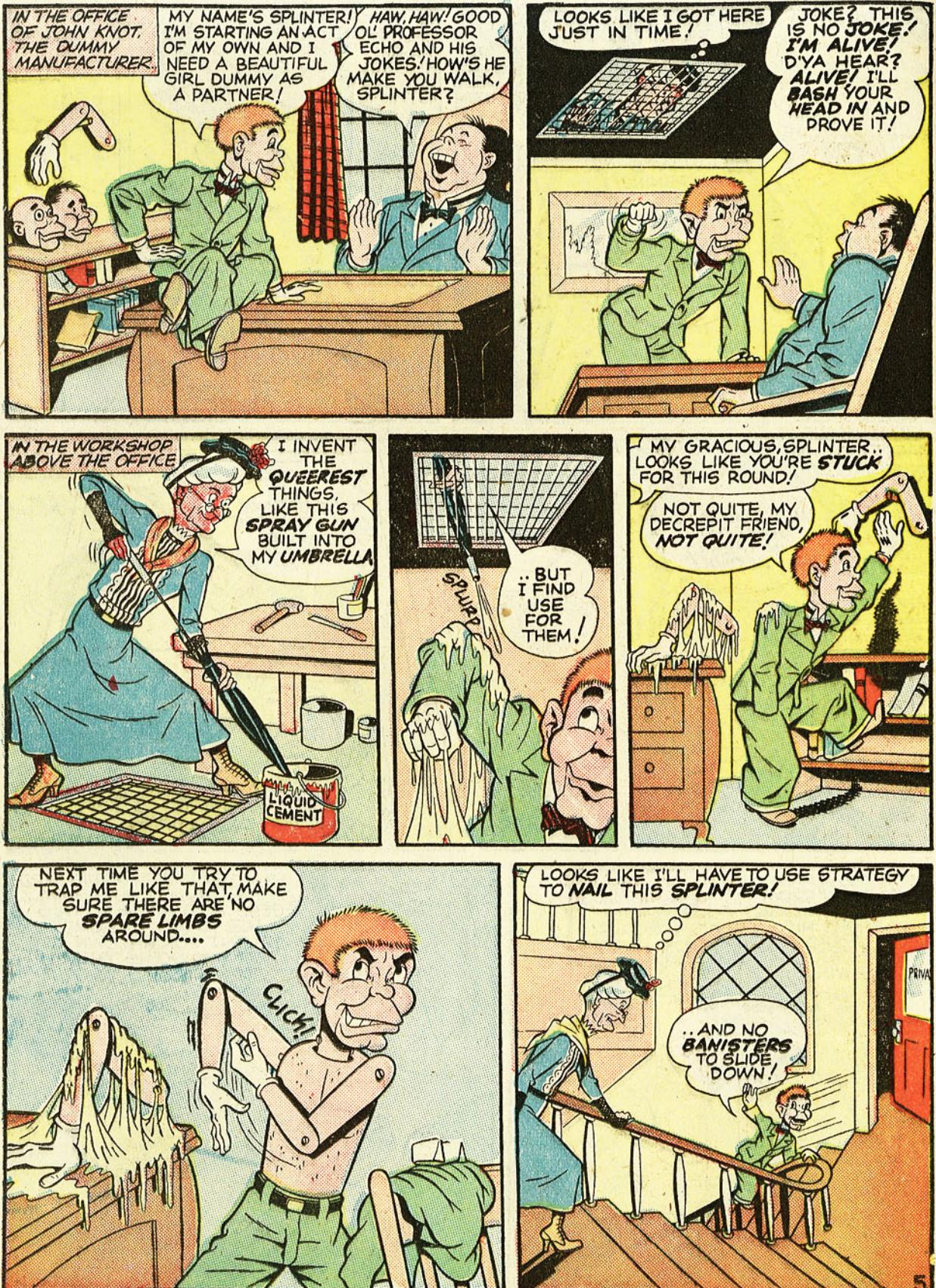
NATIONAL COMICS



NATIONAL COMICS



NATIONAL COMICS



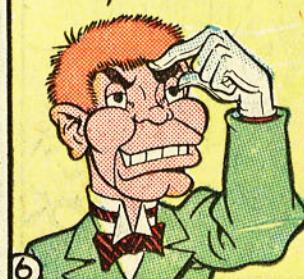
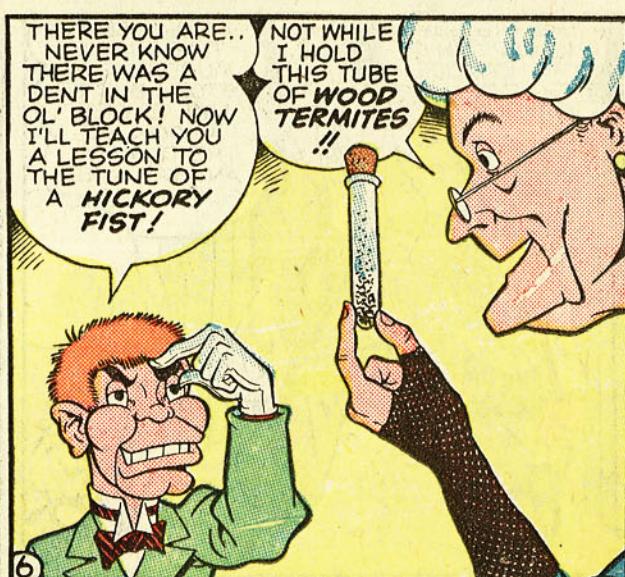
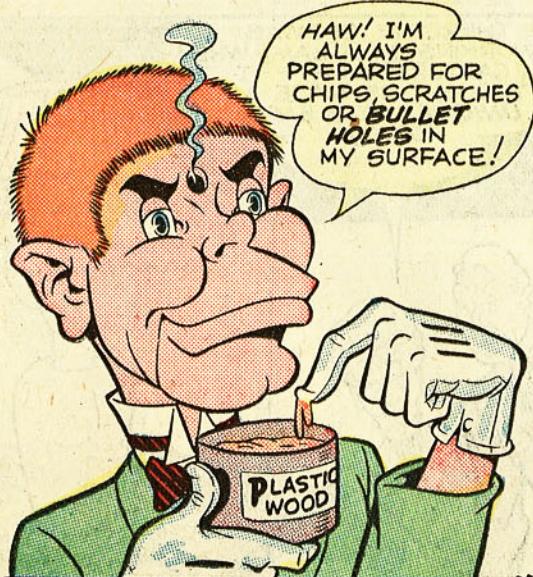
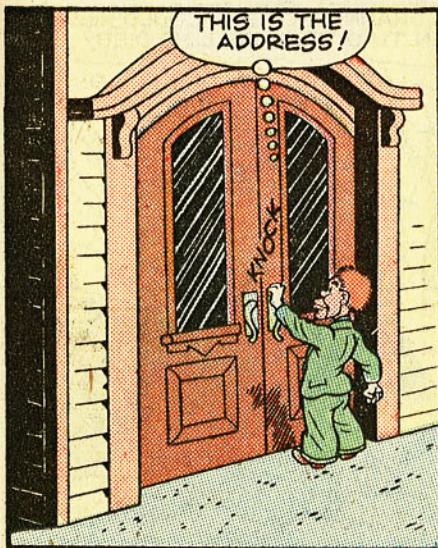
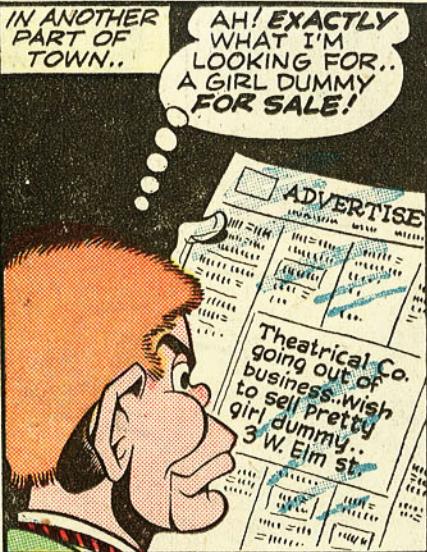
NEXT DAY,
GRANNY'S
PLAN TO
CAPTURE
SPLINTER
IS WELL
UNDER
WAY...

GRANNY.. HERE'S THOSE INSECTS YOU TOLD ME TO GET FROM THE BEAMS OF THAT DESERTED OLD HOUSE ON THE CORNER!

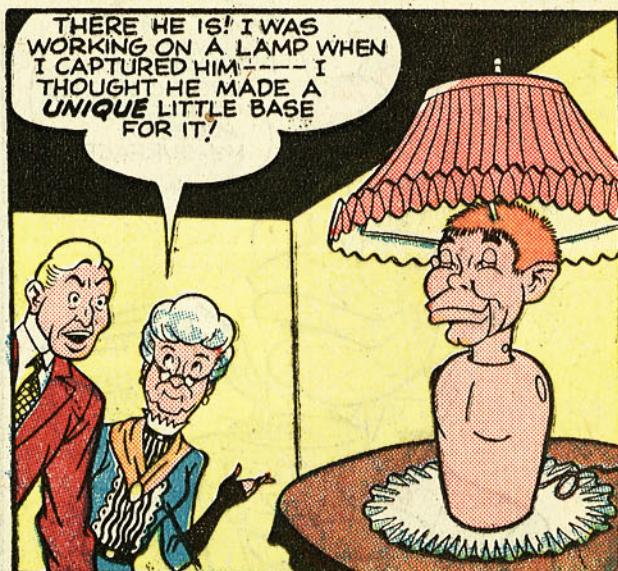
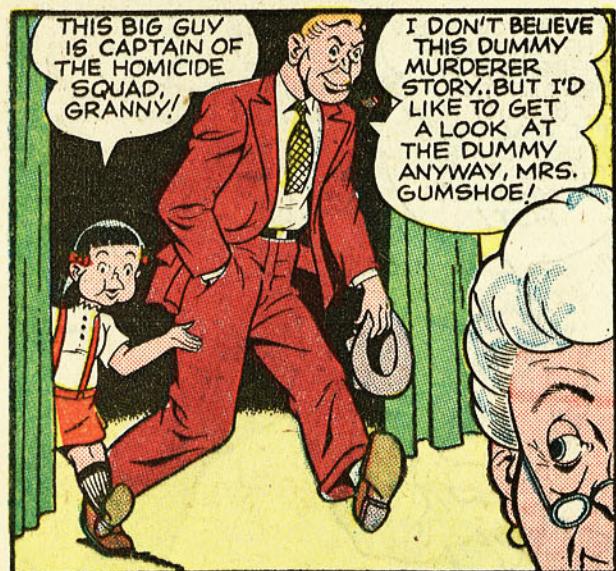
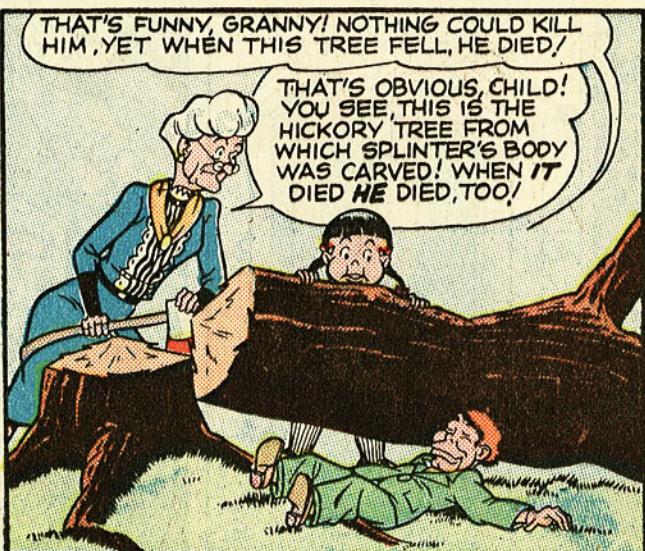
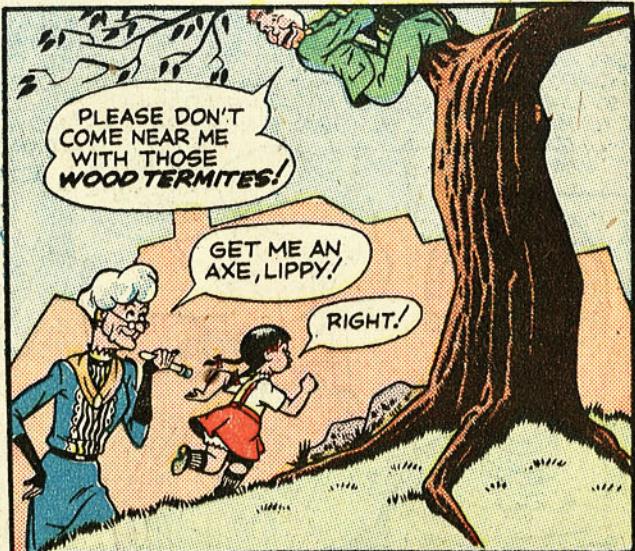
GOOD! MY FAKE AD WILL BE IN TODAY'S NEWSPAPERS! NOW ALL WE DO IS WAIT UNTIL SPLINTER TAKES THE BAIT!

IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...

AH! EXACTLY WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR.. A GIRL DUMMY FOR SALE!

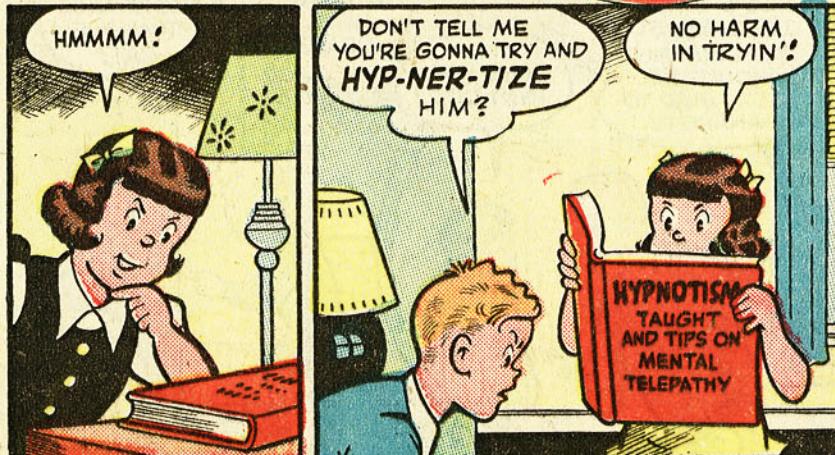
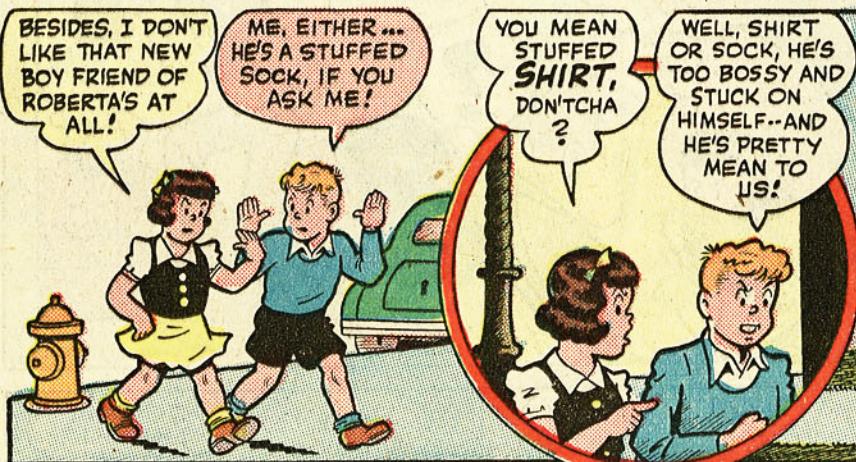
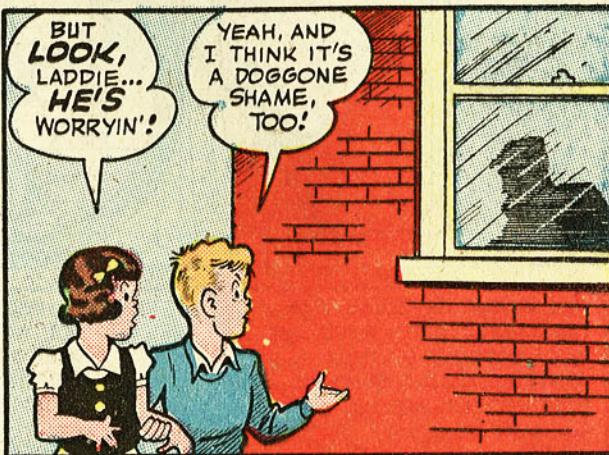
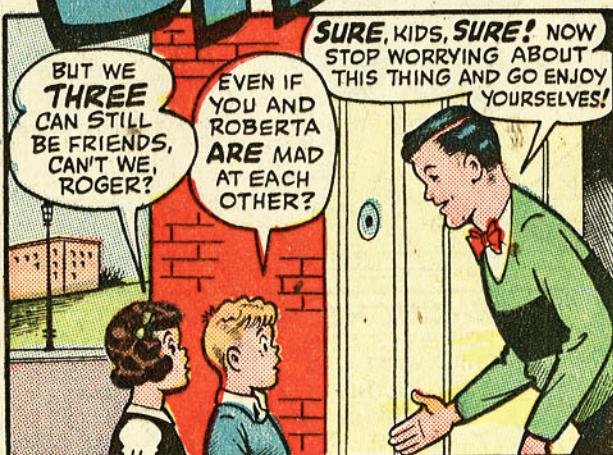


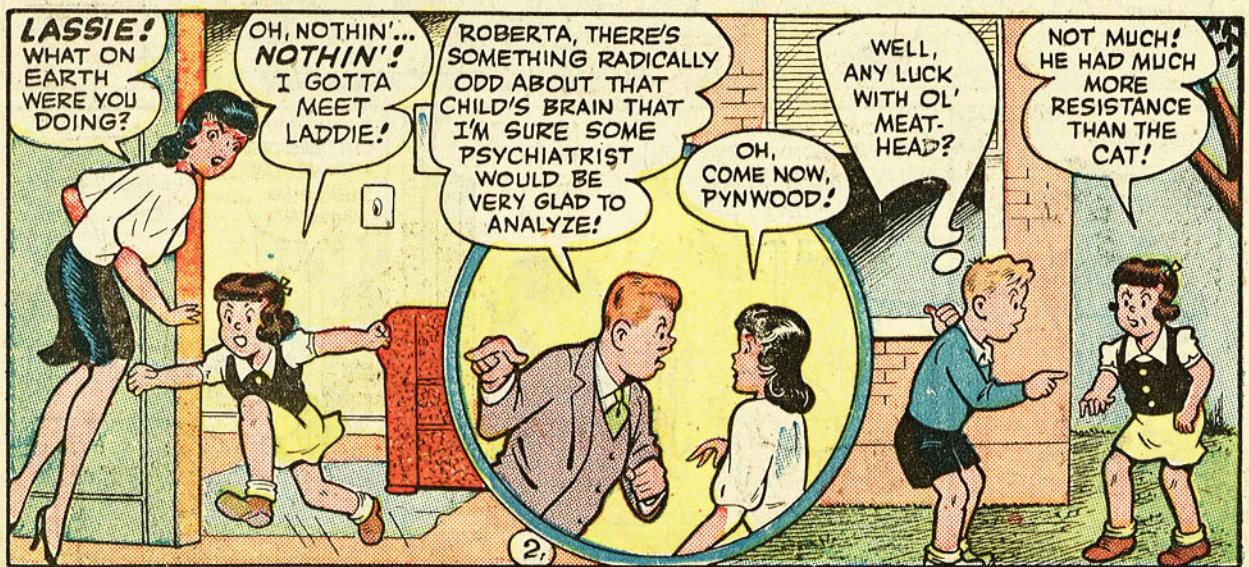
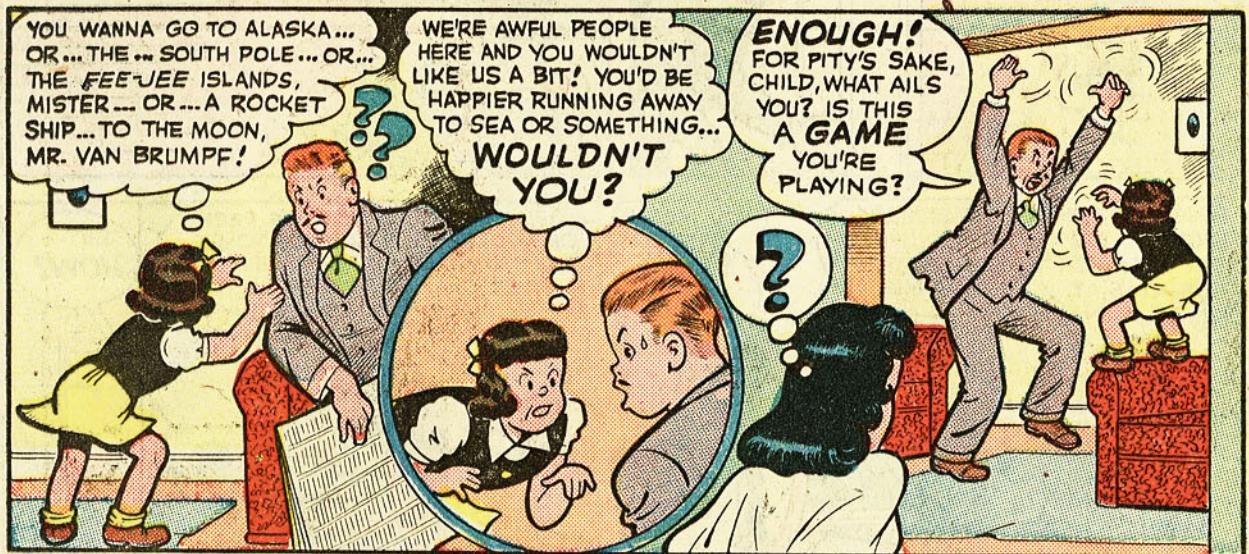
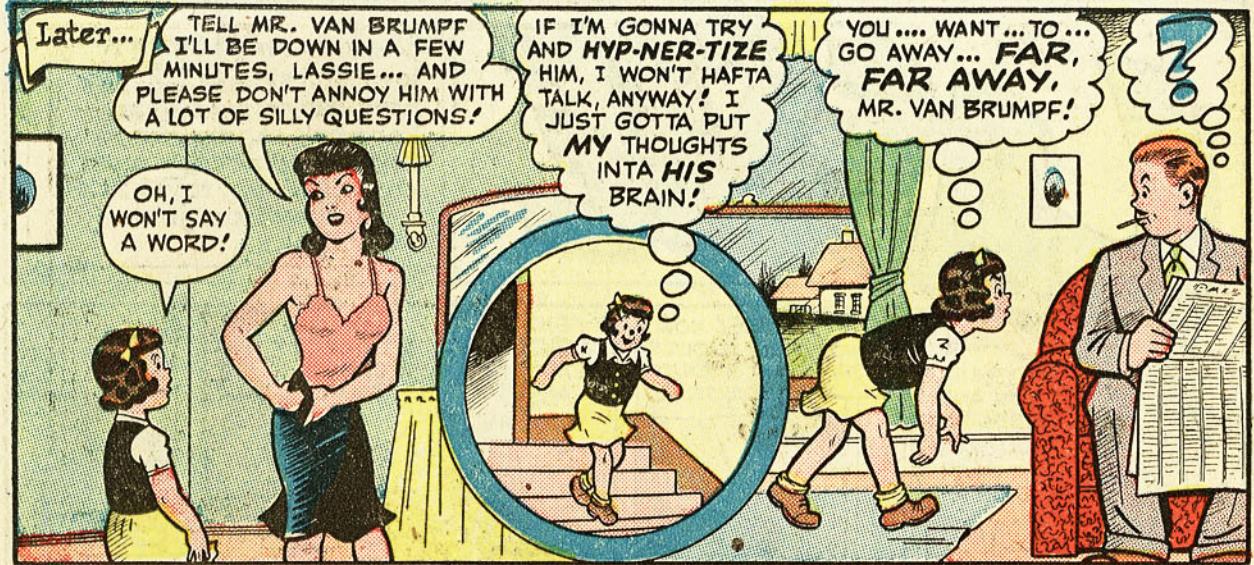
NATIONAL COMICS

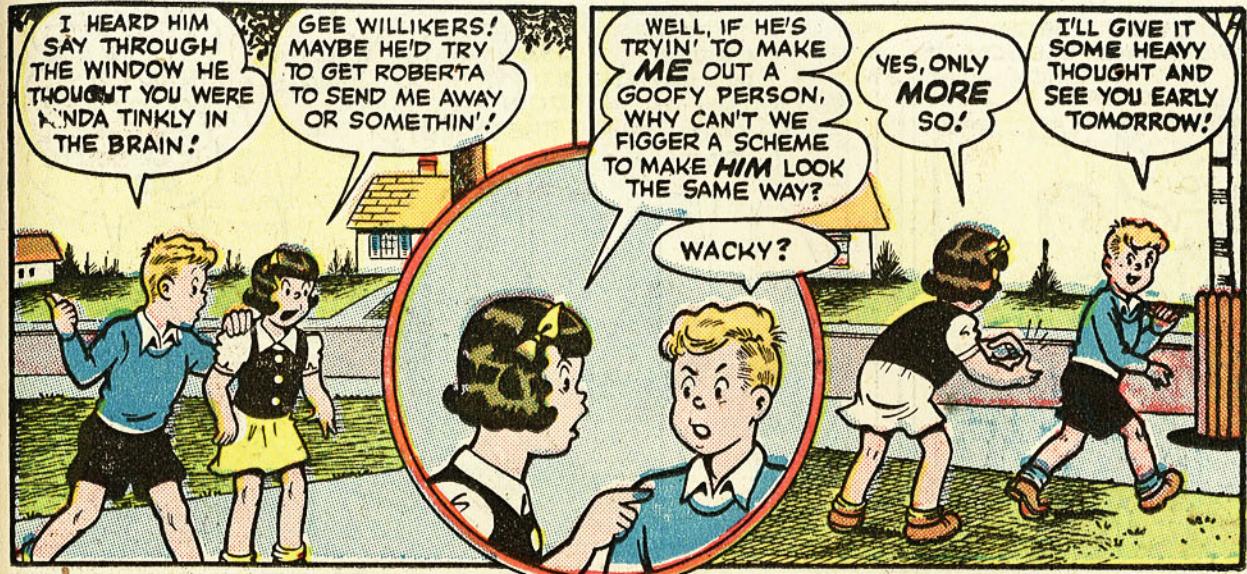


CASSIE

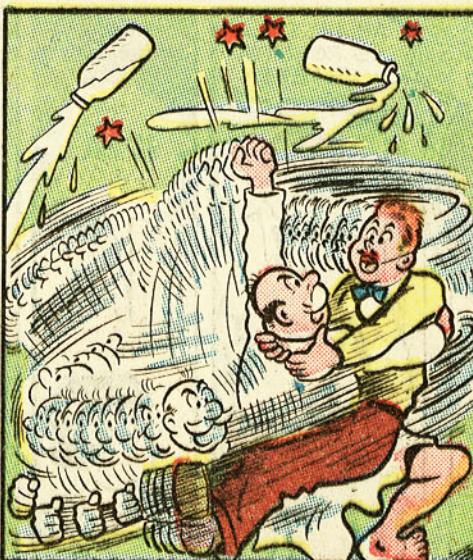
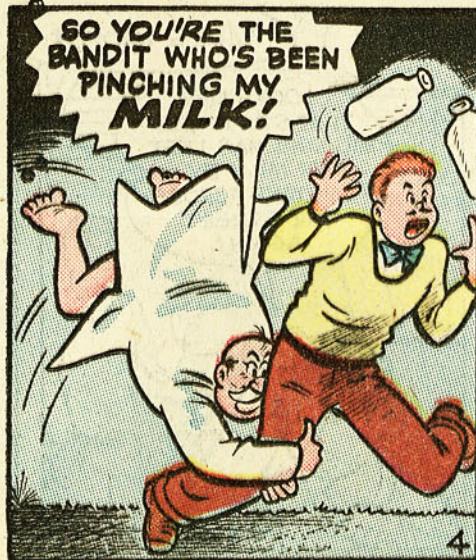
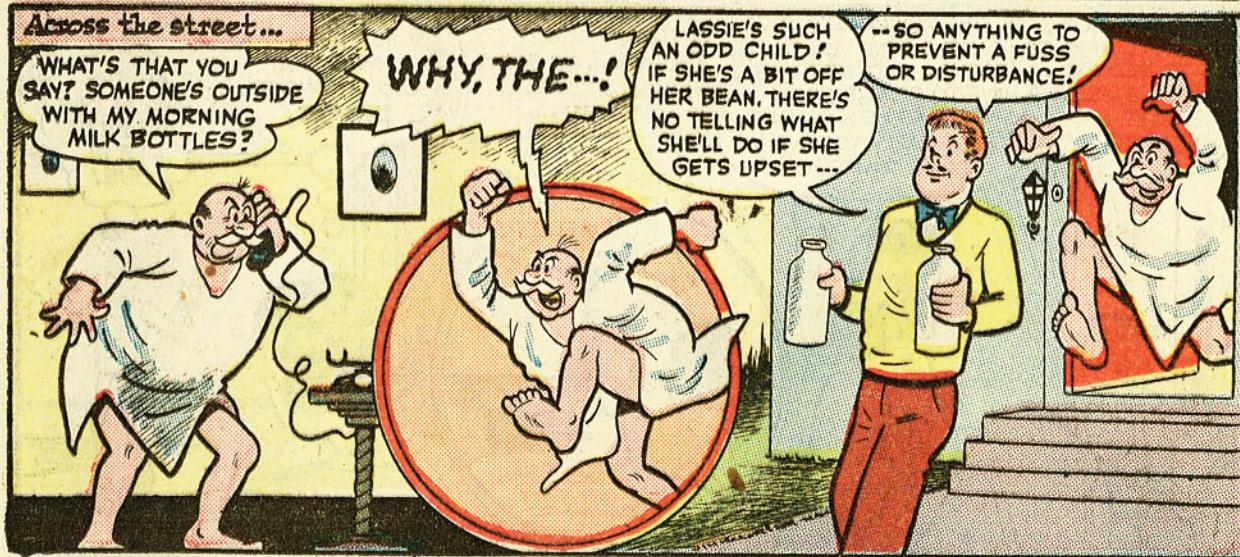
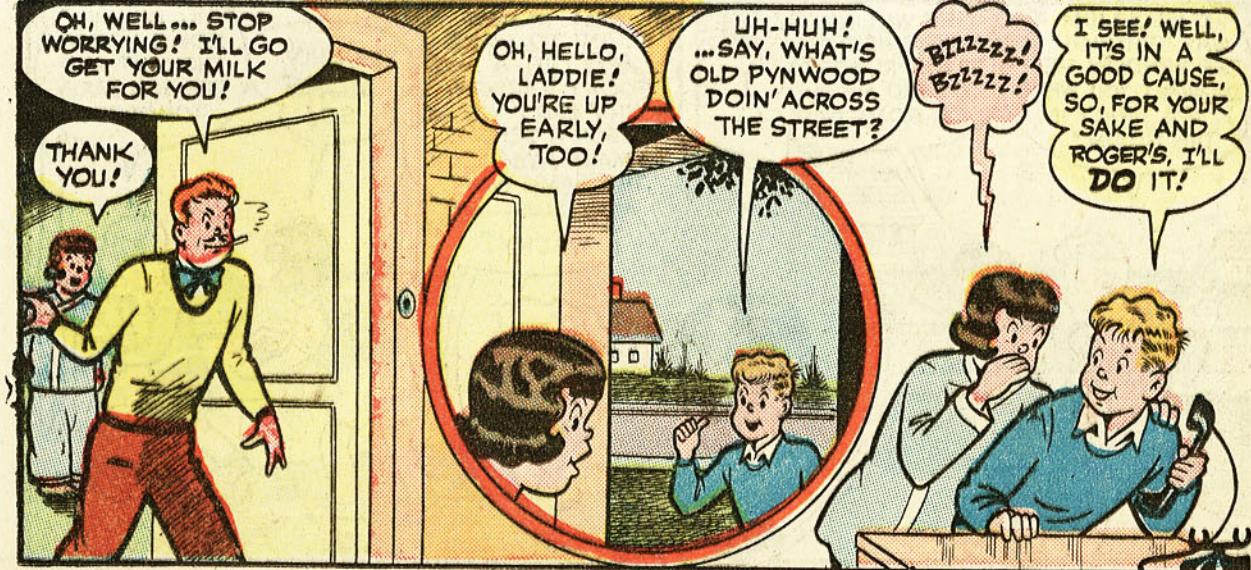
The kids are feeling pretty low! Roberta and Roger have had quite a spat, and Roberta's choice of a new boy friend doesn't meet with their approval at all ... as they have just told Roger!







NATIONAL COMICS



LET us draw a merciful iron curtain over the sad aftermath of this milky melee! Suffice to say that Pynwood was more convinced than ever that Lassie should be put away! But superb tact and persuasion by Roberta finally mollifies the young man and sets the stage -- alas, for more mix-ups!

NATIONAL COMICS

While Lassie still tries to square herself and do Roger a good turn at the same time...

BUT HONEST, ROBERTA, I WAS READIN' ABOUT A MAN WHO THOUGHT HE WAS A **CAT** AND WOULD ONLY EAT WHAT **CATS** LIKE --- YOU KNOW ... **MILK** AND FISH --- AND FISH ... AND ... AND, YOU KNOW --- **MILK!**

WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT?

WELL, ER --- PYNWOOD DID SORTA GO AFTER THAT MILK IN A BIG WAY, DIDN'T HE?

OH, LASSIE, DO STOP TALKING SUCH NONSENSE!

SURE! GIVE PYNWOOD A BREAK, LASSIE! AFTER ALL, HE IS TAKING US TO THE ZOO T'MORRER!

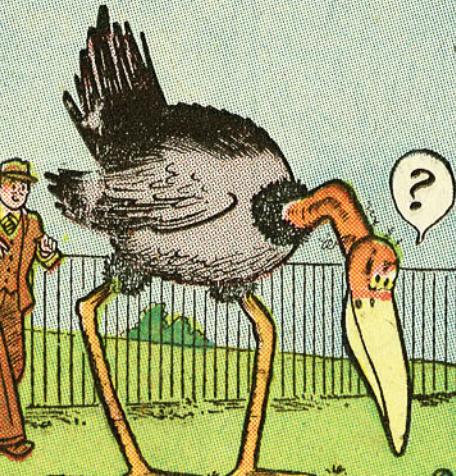
Next day... pain-in-the-neck or not, Pynwood is game! The **ZOO**...

STAY HERE WITH THE KIDS A MINUTE, WILL YOU, PYNWOOD, WHILE I GET US SOME HOT DOGS ?

OKAY!

BAW!
MY BALL BOUNCED THROUGH THE FENCE!

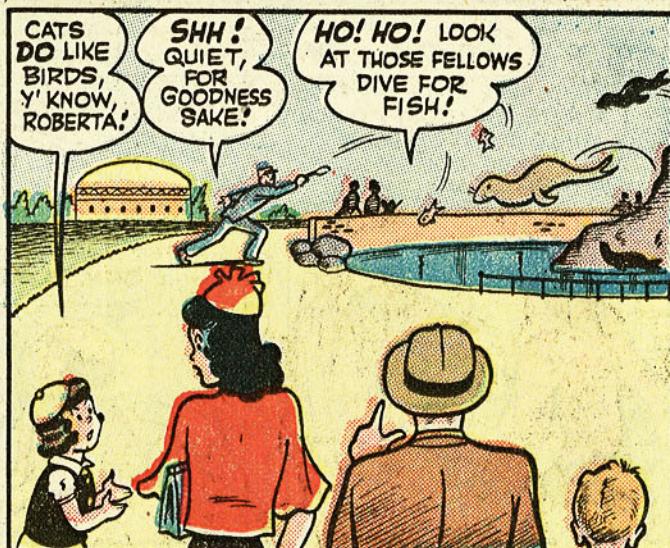
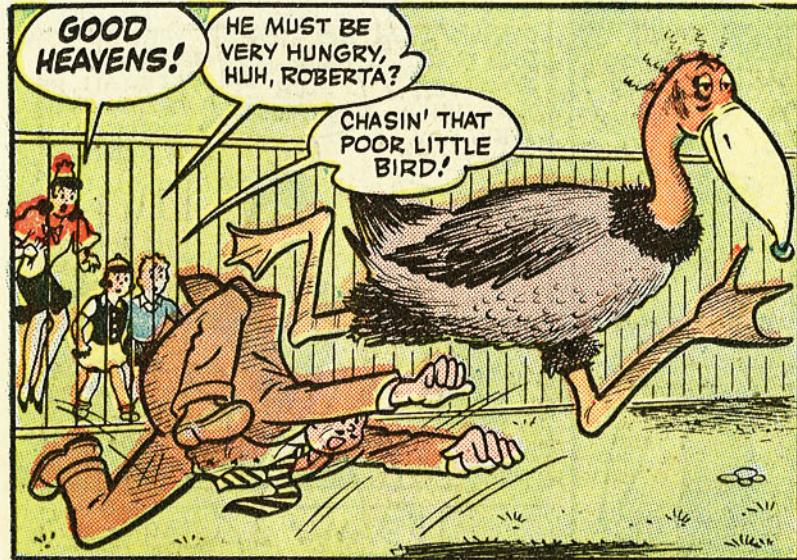
WELL, STOP CRYING, CHILD--- I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!



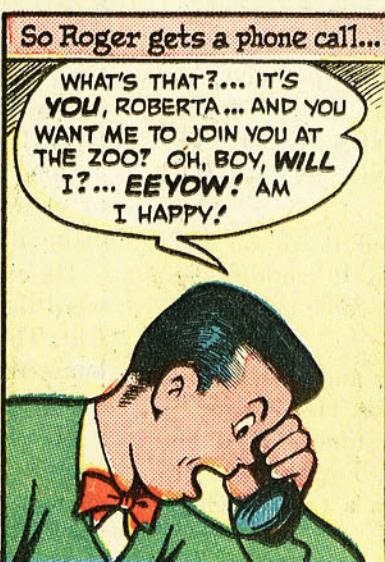
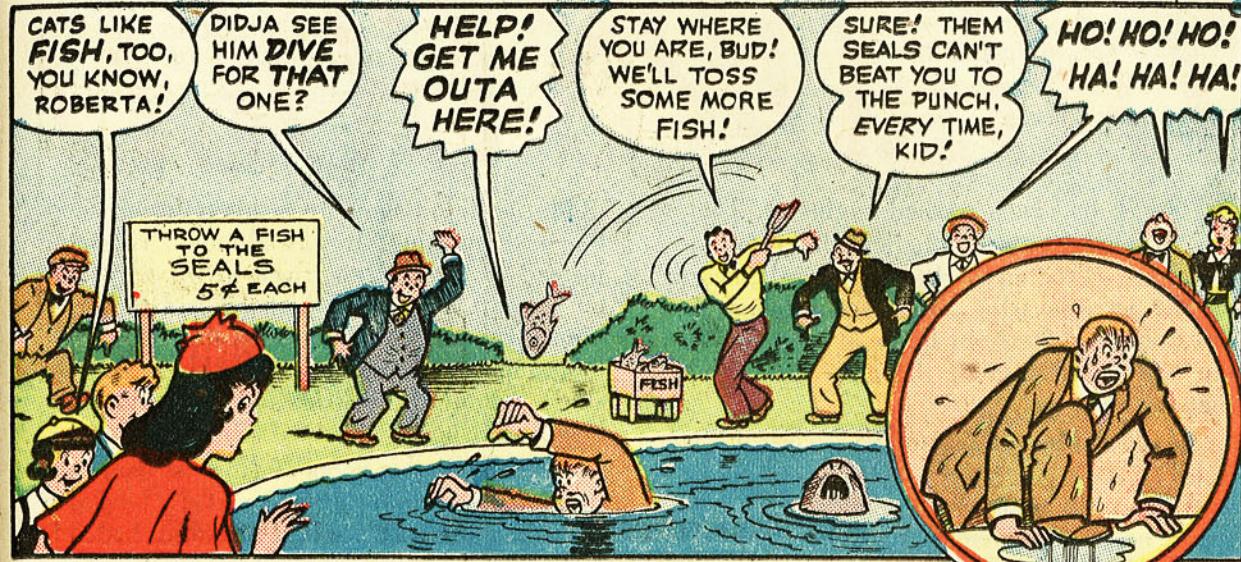
LASSIE! WHAT'S PYNWOOD DOING IN THERB?

WELL--ER--EH--
CATS LIKE BIRDS,
ROBERTA... AND I
WAS TELLING YOU
ABOUT THE MAN WHO
THOUGHT HE WAS A
CAT, WASN'T I?





NATIONAL COMICS



TAILOR'S GOLD

MORNE had been warned against it. There was every reason to believe that the warnings were on the level. He had, himself, heard of the terrible tribe that lived beyond the headwaters of the Nobi River in Afghanistan. He had heard also of the gold that lay in that far vastness.

Adolf Morne meant to get some of that gold!

As he rode along on the patient little bush mule, he let his thoughts rove. His had been a life of little interest. Living in cramped London, working as a tailor, he had had only one diversion—reading, reading exciting accounts of explorers and big game hunters and men who went to the far corners of the earth for thrills and knowledge. He had always told himself that if he were not a tailor, and poor on top of it, he would be one of these men.

Then the chance came for which he had been looking all his thirty-two years of life. He had bought a sweepstakes ticket one blustery day from a street vendor. He had put it into his pocket and promptly forgot it.

The great race had been run. But Adolf Morne didn't know he was a winner until the messenger came to his flat one night and knocked loudly. Morne had answered the door, accepted the message, and for a moment had been afraid to open it. Telegrams always presaged bad news, didn't they? Yet, Morne had no kin. He ripped the envelope open.

YOUR TICKET ON MATCHLESS WON FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS. CALL AT OFFICES OF CASEY AND ALBRIGHT MONDAY.

Adolf Morne had slumped down on the doorsill and looked stricken. It couldn't be true. He knew that it must be some monstrous joke.

"No," he told himself over and over again. "It can't be. Not me. Anybody else but me." He pinched himself several times. Then he got up and closed the door. For the rest of the evening he sat as one in a trance. Then at a late hour he went to bed.

Morne didn't show up at his tailoring shop the next morning. It was Monday. He went instead to the address given in the wire. After a short delay, in which he had to prove himself really Adolf Morne, a draft for fifty-thousand pounds was placed in his hands. He staggered out of the office and never did know how he got home.

He had all that money! Now he could indulge his one ambition—to make a long trip searching for treasure and adventure!

Morne never returned to his tailoring shop. He boarded a ship for Asia. That was long weeks ago. It was in a bazaar in Turkey that he heard about the gold that was to be had in northern Afghanistan.

And now he sat on a little mule headed for the very spot. He looked up into the pale cold blue of the skies. A vulture wheeled high, probably eyeing him as a likely candidate for dinner. He spoke to his mule. The little creature sped up a bit.

In due course, Morne came to a high ridge of rock hills. This was, he knew, the border between safety and probable death. The tribesmen who lived beyond this ride, he had been warned, were truly deadly people. A few persons had penetrated to their land. None had ever returned. Morne somehow could not think that death would overtake him here in this forsaken land. One thing he wanted: to be buried in the little churchyard in Bath. This was a long weary march across the seas to Bath. If he actually died in these wild hills, no one would ever know. There was no one to claim his body. No, the vultures would claim it.

He crossed the ridge and headed down toward the vast valley that lay sprawled at his feet. The wind blew hard and it felt cold. He knew that down in the valley it would be warm. He urged the mule forward.

He chose a nice campsite along a wide but shallow stream. A few strange looking trees shaded the camp. It was not only warm in the valley, it was hot—Blistering hot! Morne

NATIONAL COMICS

drank at the stream and let his mule drink.

It was good to be alive and to be the possessor of fifty thousand pounds. He knew, something kept telling him, that this fifty thousand would soon grow to be many times fifty. He meant to find gold!

He found it long before he hoped to. He was dipping up a pan of water one morning, for making bread, when he spied something yellowish and glittering in the bed of the stream. He picked it up. Gold! Morne had read several books on mineralogy and placer mining. He knew gold when he saw it.

He forgot all about bread. He set to work panning. He panned all that day. By evening he had a sack of nuggets that weighed several pounds. Already he was growing rich and he had only landed in this fabulous country.

Day after day, Morne panned gold. Once he found a veritable ledge of solid gold, which when he had hacked it loose from its mother rock, he found weighed more than a paving brick.

Rich!

Morne kept all his gold right where he could look at it during the long evenings and nights. He liked to see the firelight sparkle on it. He even had most of his fifty thousand pounds, in notes, propped up among the gold nuggets. He loved the very beauty of it.

One evening, as he sat dreaming about the fire, a sudden thought struck him: his mule would be unable to carry out all the gold he had found. Even if he walked, the mule could not carry much over two hundred pounds. He knew he had more than that weight already. He'd have to stop and start out of the region. He'd sell his gold in Kabul.

Morne began hurriedly packing the little animal with two heavy sacks, each of them crammed with more than one hundred of yellow, lovely nuggets. It made a great load, and the little mule didn't like it at all.

Morne talked to his mule, explaining how important it was that they reach Kabul. The little mule must be brave. He, Morne, would not forget this bravery. Much grain and hay would be the mule's lot when they arrived in civilization.

Adolf Morne began leading the mule along the miles of sandy terrain that lay between

his camp and the foothills of the ridge he had crossed to enter this land.

He had taken as much water as he could himself carry; the mule could carry nothing except the gold. That was load enough.

About half way across the dreary waste, with a new sandstorm whipping across the plain, yet not withal too bothersome, Morne thought he detected a few dark dots low on the horizon. They were moving. He watched them as he trudged along, tired and very thirsty. They seemed to grow larger. They were indeed coming his way, the terrible tribesmen!

Morne whipped his mule and called to it in begging tones. They must reach the ridge and get over it. The tribesmen would surely eat them both otherwise. But the mule put on no more speed. The dots grew larger.

Morne broke into a run, smacking at the mule's rump with a leather strap. The animal responded a bit. Then suddenly the earth gave way beneath the man's feet and he was plunging down—down—

With a great splash he hit water. He sank far beneath the surface. Then he bobbed to the top and his head broke through. He gasped for breath.

It seemed that he was racing along with a great tide. In the grip of a swift current, Morne was swept along. What had happened to him he had no idea. Where had he fallen to? What had become of the mule and the gold?

Morne struggled with the current but he could not get loose. All was pitch dark in the tunnel through which his body shot. Then a speck of gray showed ahead. He shot into the bright daylight and found himself in a clear, limpid lake. He knew then what had happened: he had fallen through the earth's crust and landed smack in an underground river. It had just emptied him into this lake.

He recognized the lake; it was many miles from the ridge. He knew that if the mule had fallen too, its great weight of gold would have drawn it quickly to the bottom. His gold was lost. So was his fifty thousand pounds.

It was a long trek back to Kabul. He would have to beg his way back to England. He was glad he hadn't sold his tailoring shop!

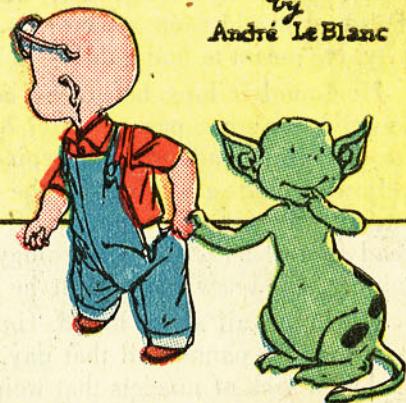
TELL ME
SOMETHING,
AMOS...

...WHERE DID YOU EVER
FIND THAT DUMB LOOKING
GOBLIN?

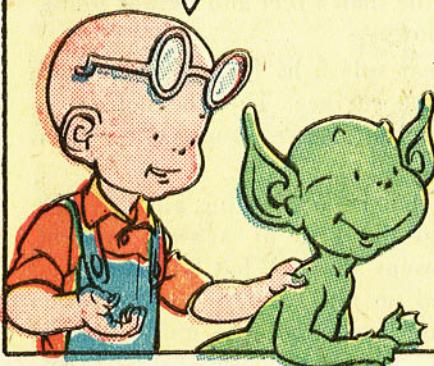
WHO -- WILBUR? HE'S
NOT SO DUMB AS
HE MAY LOOK!

INTELLECTUAL AMOS

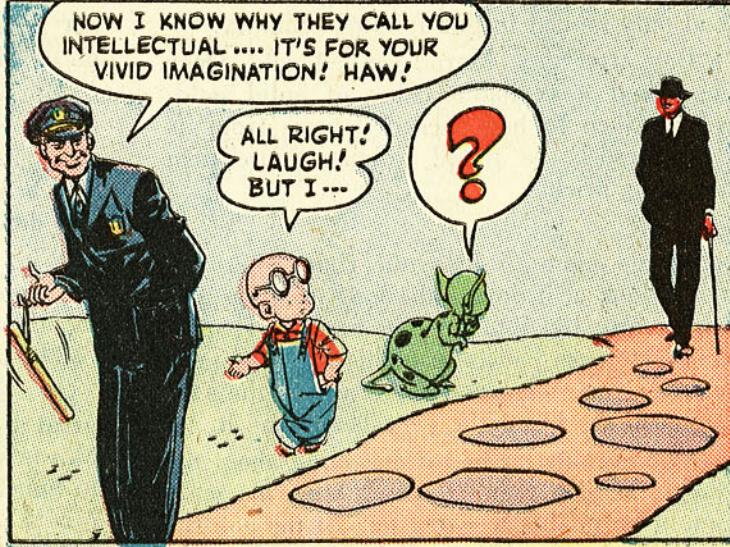
by André LeBlanc



DON'T BE DECEIVED BY
THAT INNOCENT AIR AND
NAÏVE EXPRESSION! BEHIND
THOSE BABY BLUE EYES LIE VAST
STORES OF OBSERVATIONS!
HE SEES ALL!

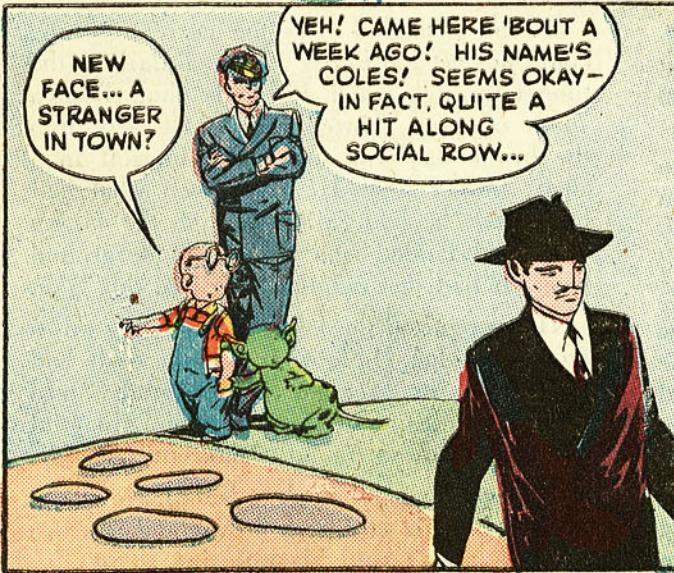


NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL YOU
INTELLECTUAL IT'S FOR YOUR
VIVID IMAGINATION! HAW!



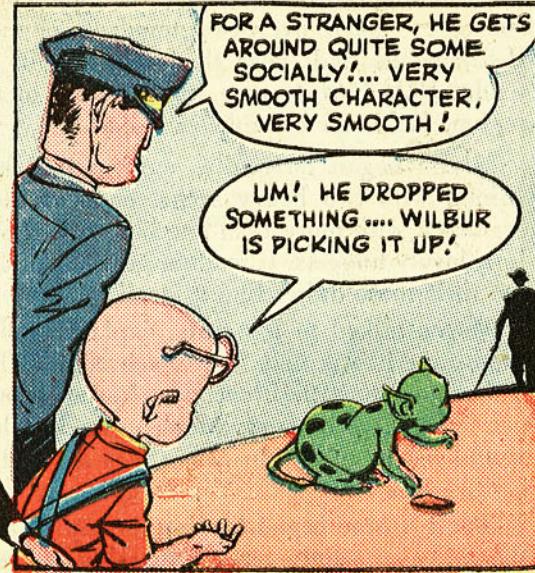
NEW
FACE... A
STRANGER
IN TOWN?

YEH! CAME HERE 'BOUT A
WEEK AGO! HIS NAME'S
COLES! SEEMS OKAY--
IN FACT, QUITE A
HIT ALONG
SOCIAL ROW...

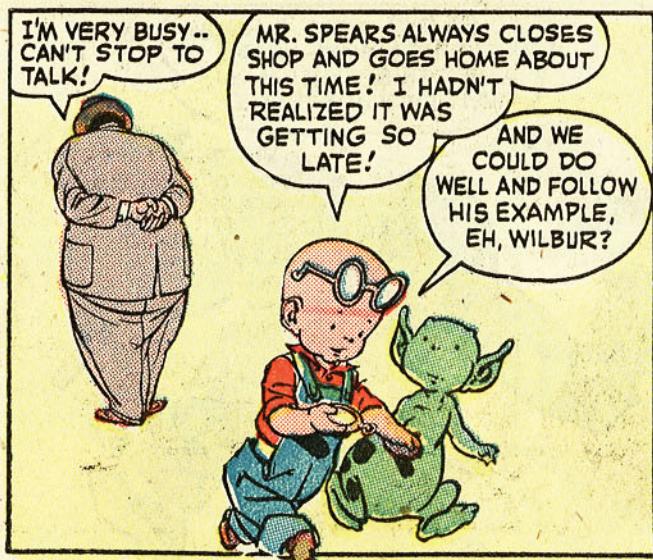
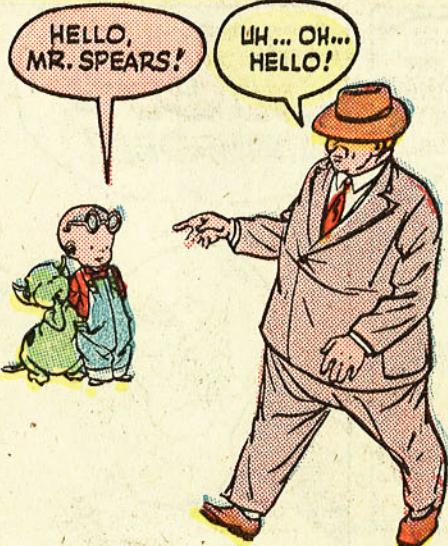


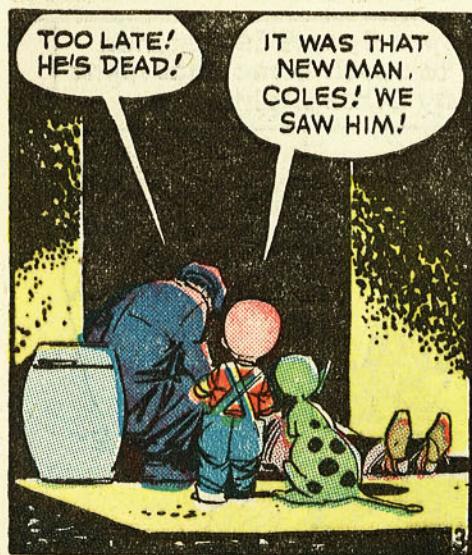
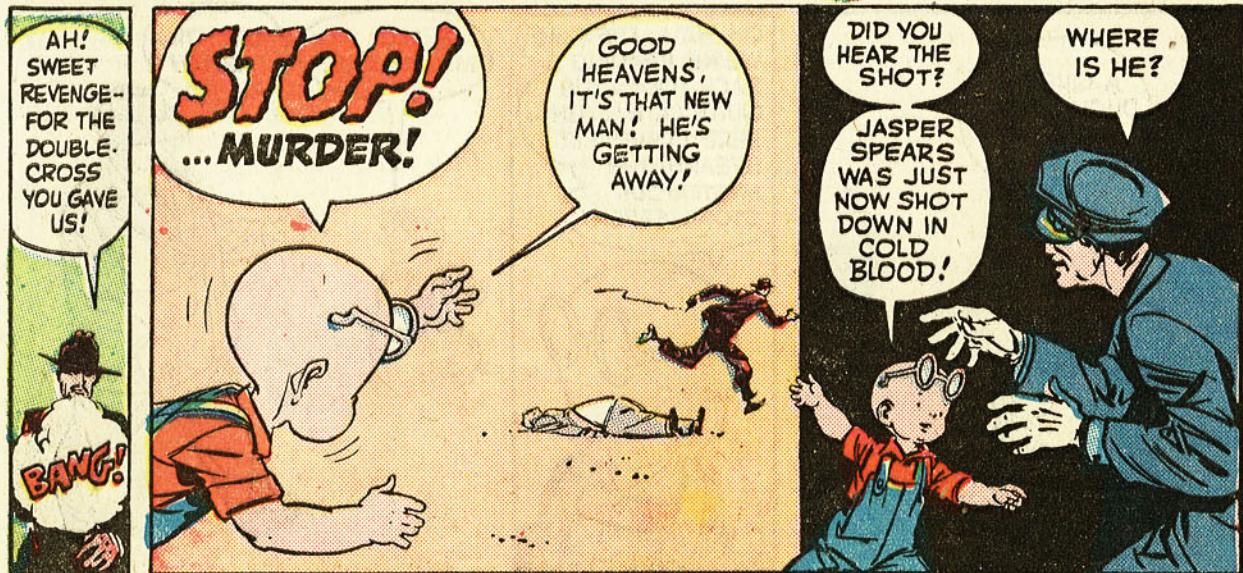
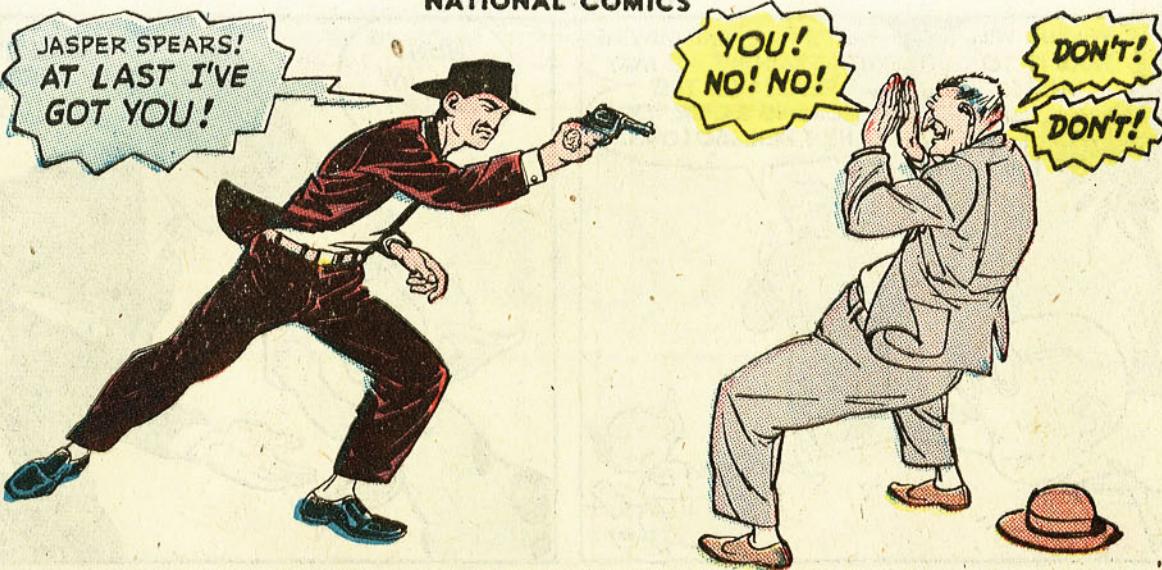
FOR A STRANGER, HE GETS
AROUND QUITE SOME
SOCIALLY!... VERY
SMOOTH CHARACTER,
VERY SMOOTH!

UM! HE DROPPED
SOMETHING WILBUR
IS PICKING IT UP!

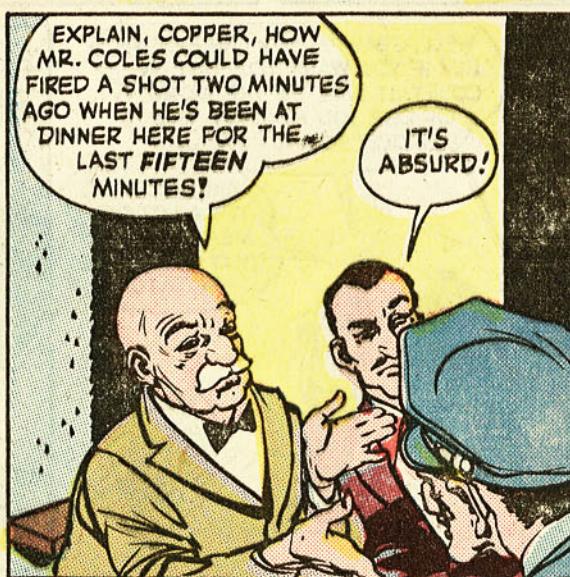
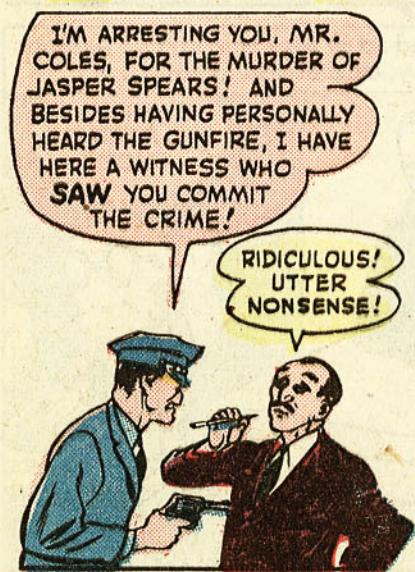


NATIONAL COMICS

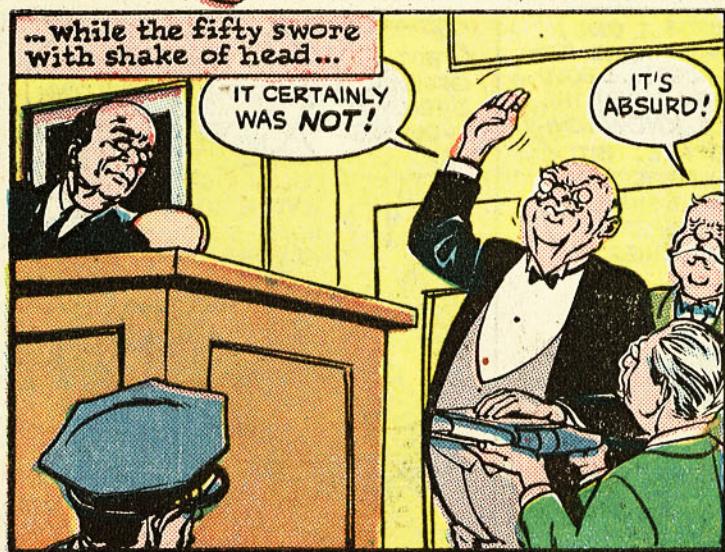
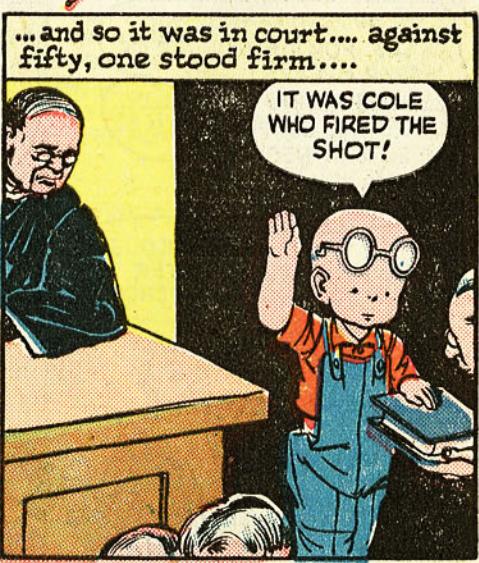
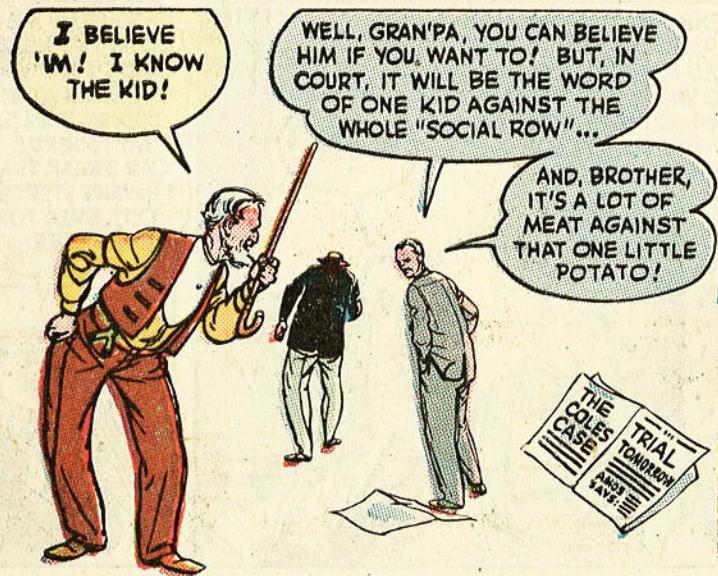
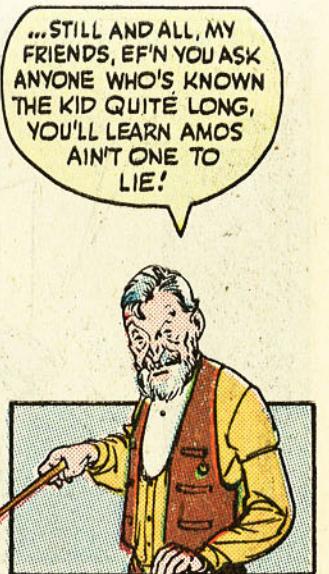
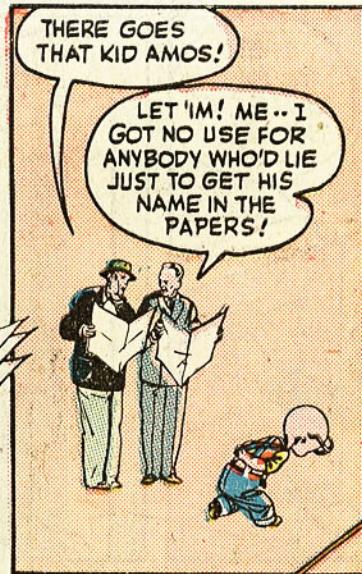
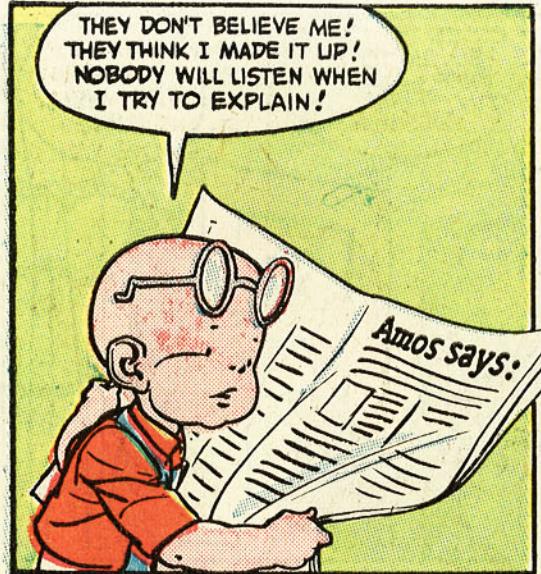




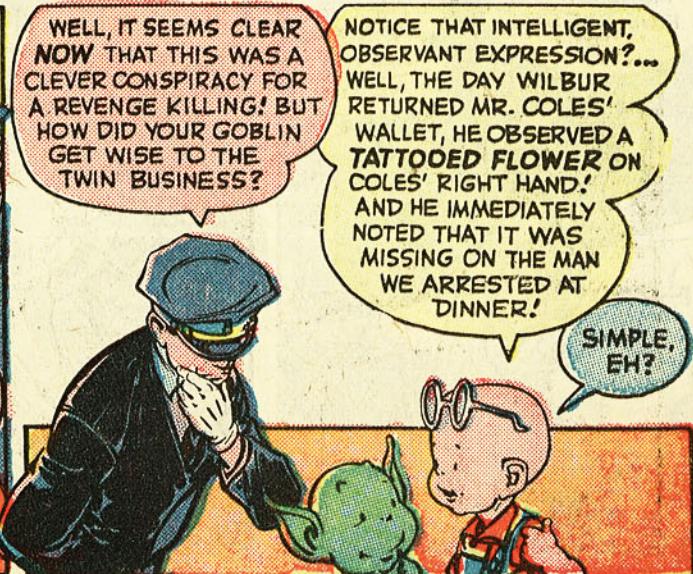
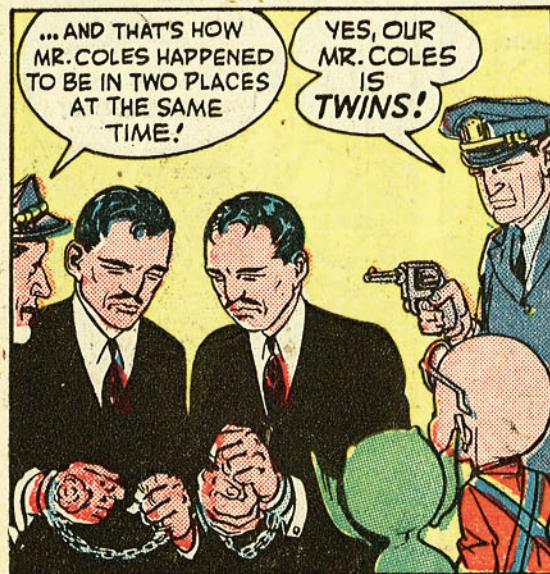
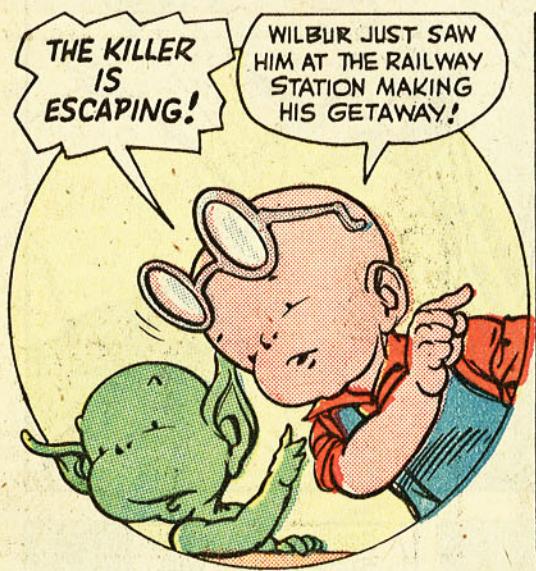
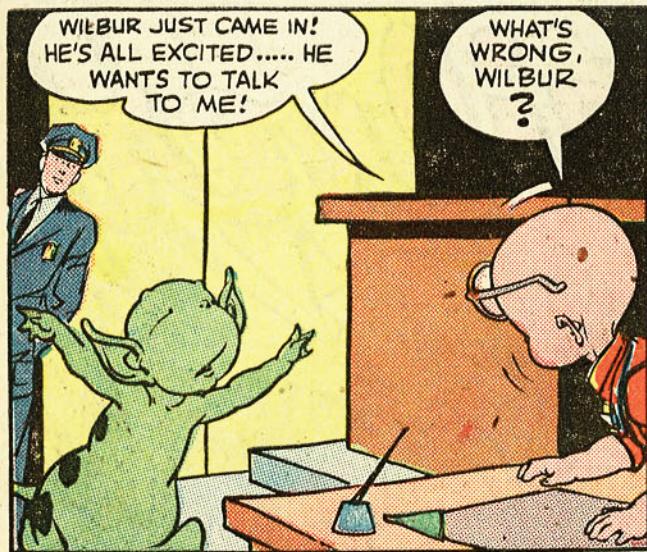
NATIONAL COMICS



NATIONAL COMICS



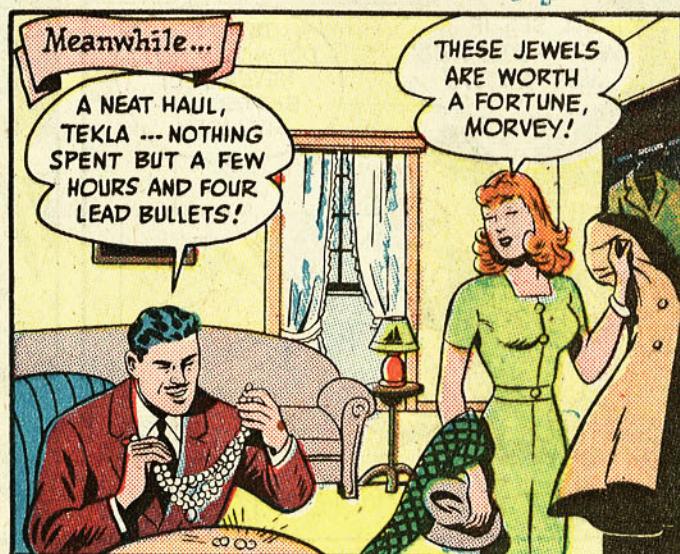
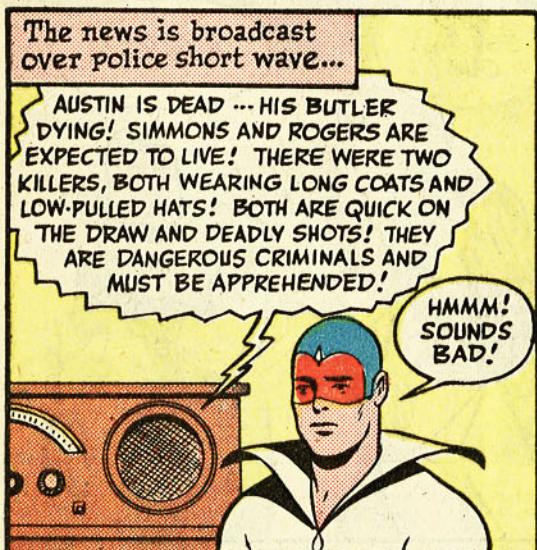
NATIONAL COMICS



Quicksilver

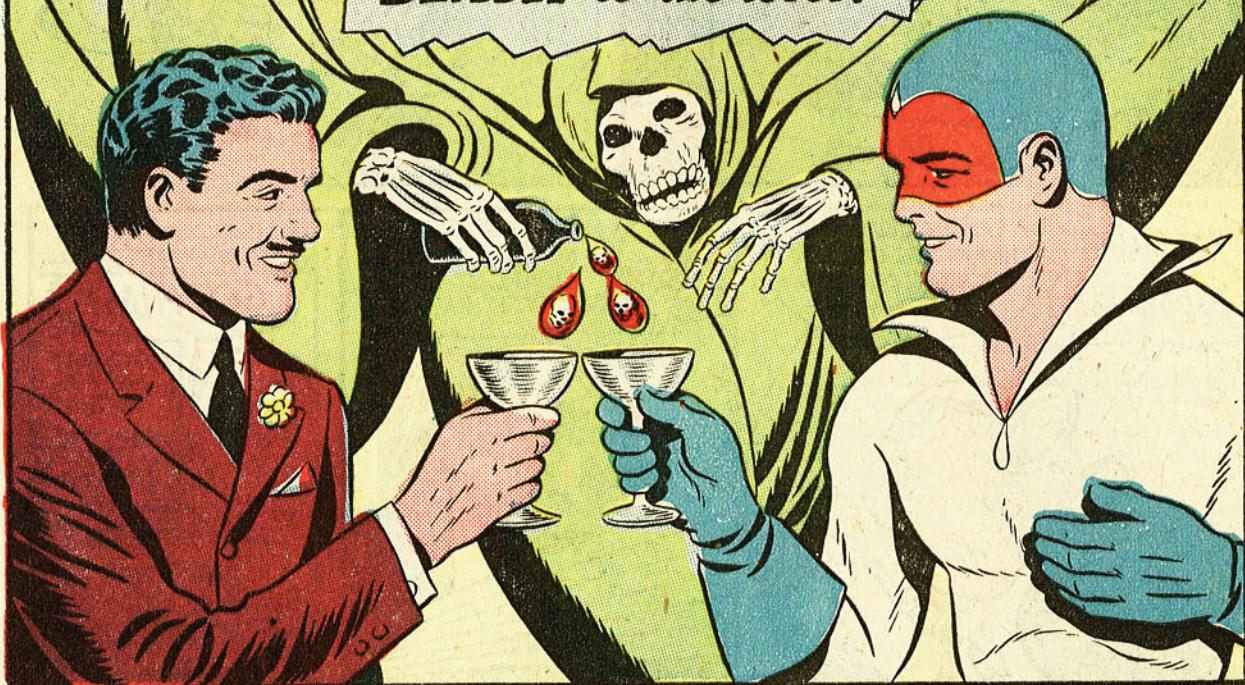
A toast to the winner...
DEATH to the loser!



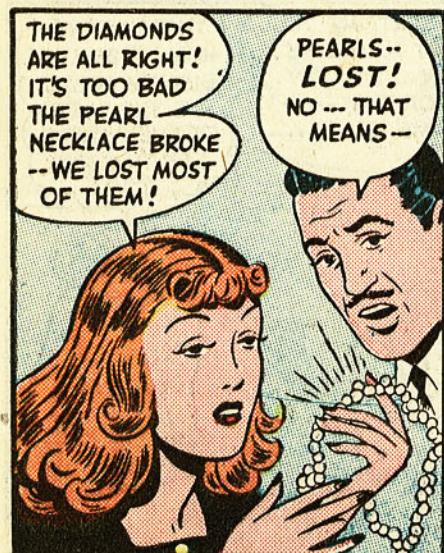
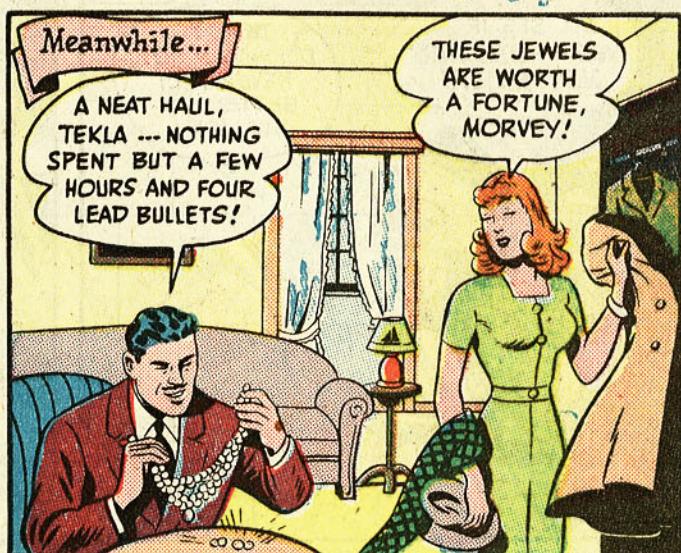
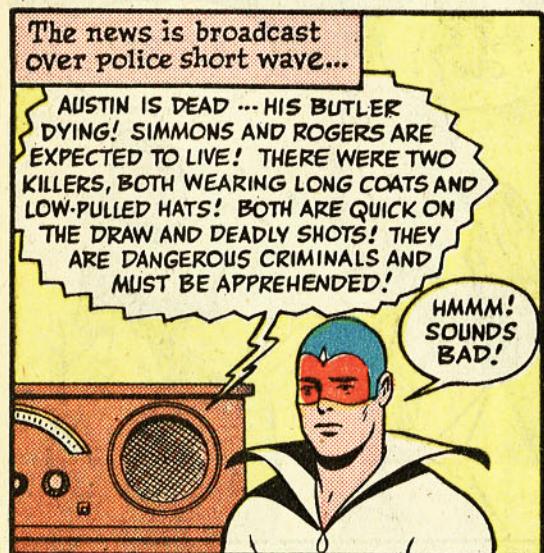


Quicksilver

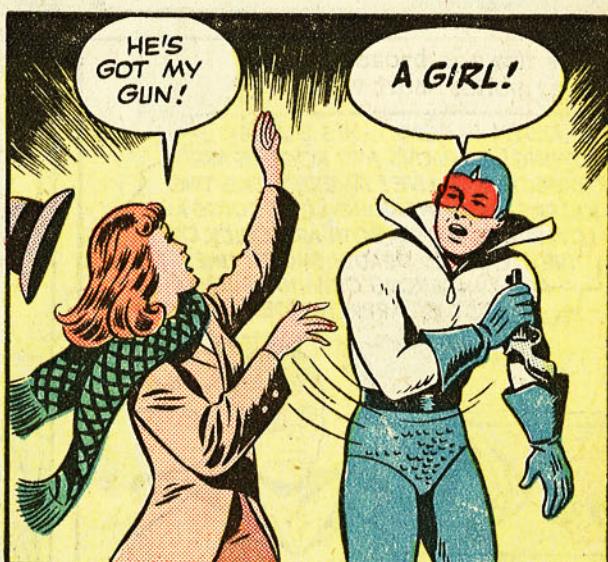
A toast to the winner...
DEATH to the loser!



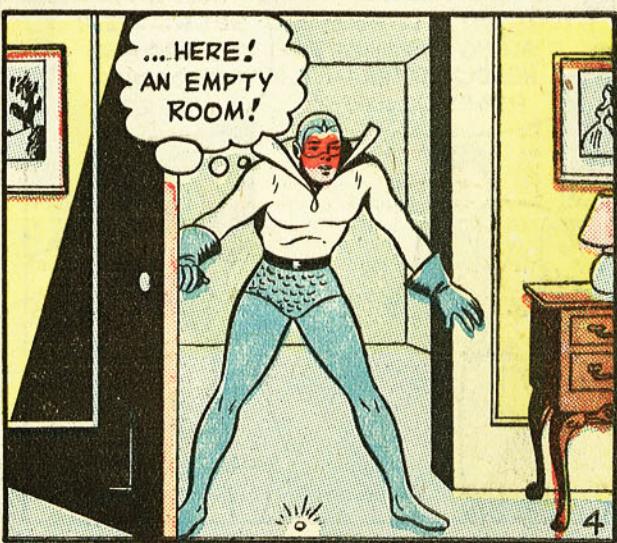
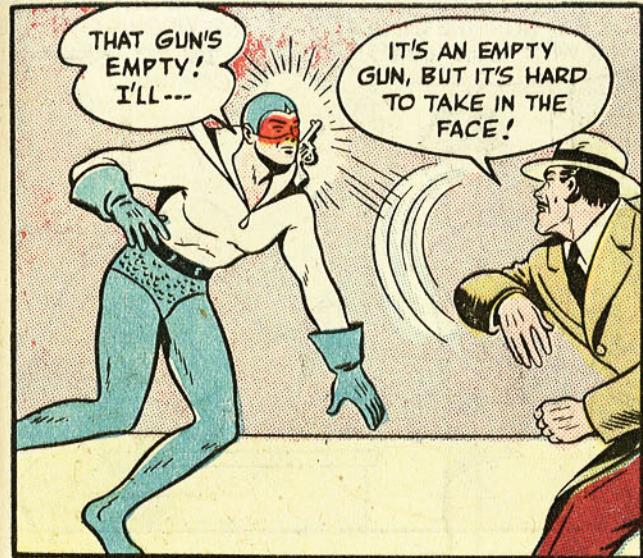
NATIONAL COMICS

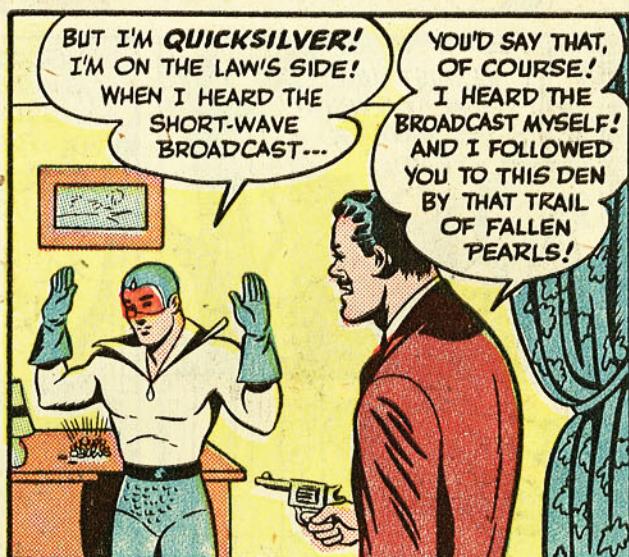
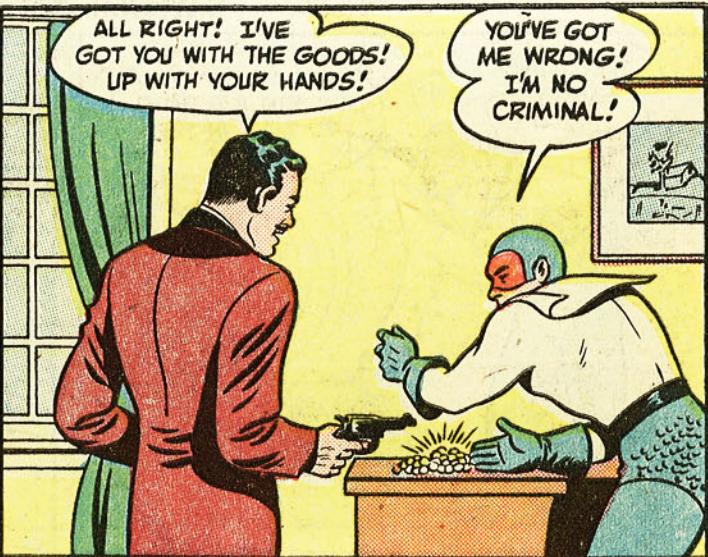


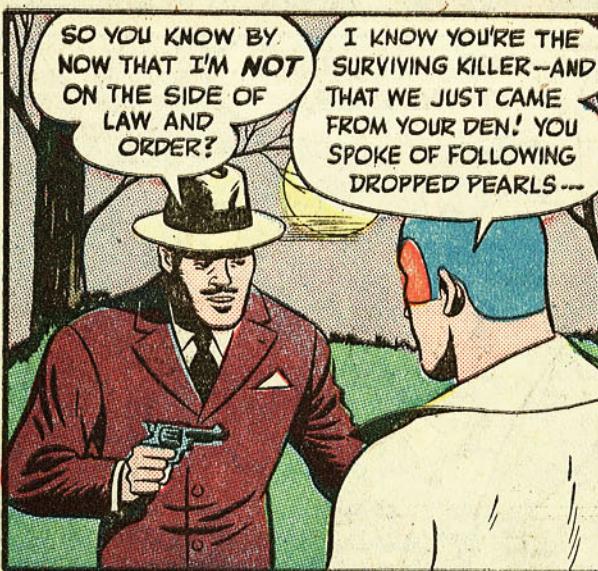
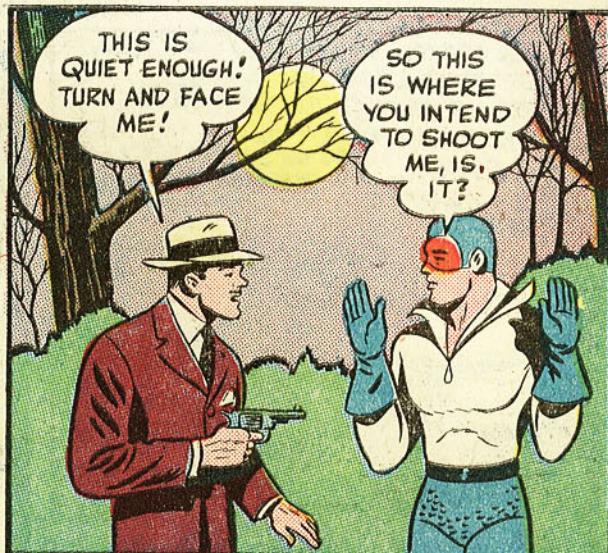
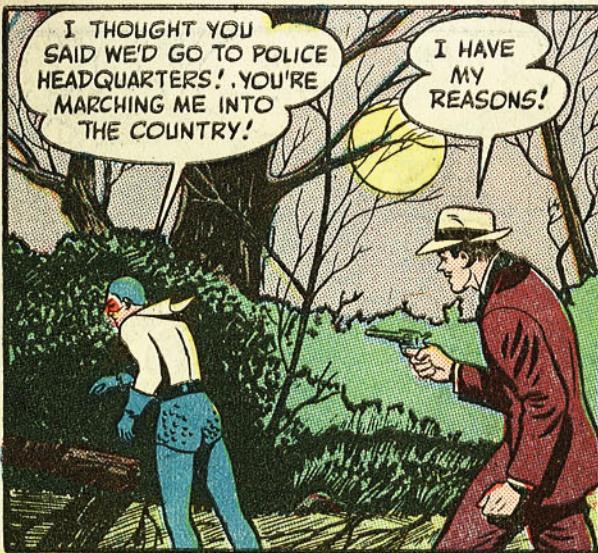
NATIONAL COMICS

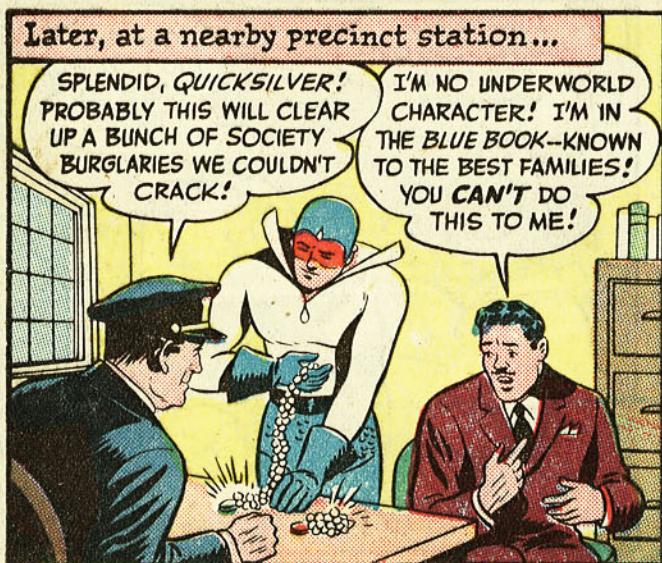
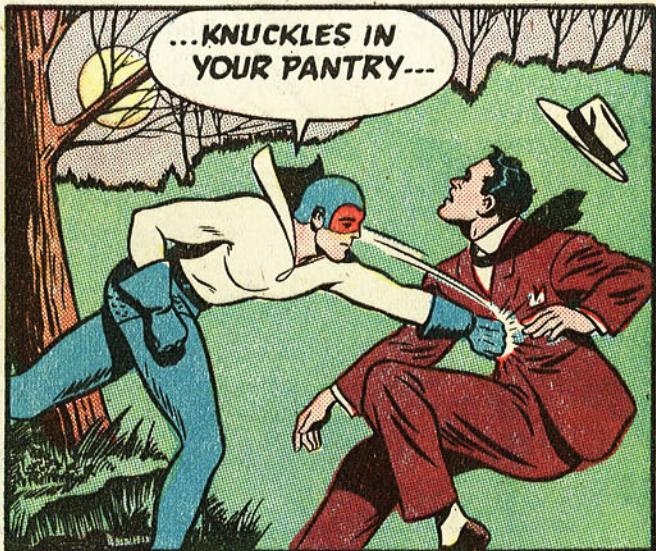


NATIONAL COMICS









BOY IT'S KEEN! A REAL METAL RAPID FIRING "G-BOY" REPEATING CAP PISTOL

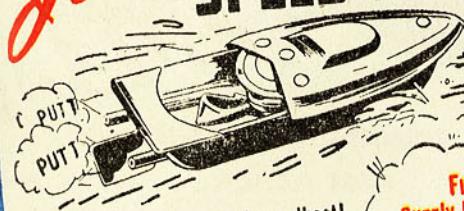


PROMPT
SHIPMENT

ORDER DIRECT
TO DAY!

LOOK! LOADS OF FUN!

Jet Propelled! SPEED BOAT



Actually sounds like a real speedboat!

No Springs!

\$1

Complete,
Postpaid

No Gears!

Fuel
Supply In-
cluded at no
Extra Cost

All Metal!
No
Moving
Parts

Runs half an hour on a small piece
of fuel. (Fuel included). Sounds like
a real 2-cylinder speed boat. Easy
to operate. Will delight both young
and old. Order several. They make
a wonderful gift.

ORDER DIRECT ... TODAY ... PROMPT SHIPMENT

UTILITY STORES

117 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. MR, Chicago 3, Illinois

Enclosed is \$_____. Send at once
Jet Propelled Speed Boats at \$1 each, postpaid.

Name_____

PLEASE PRINT

Street or R.F.D._____

City_____

Established 1906

State_____

- RAPID FIRING! • LOOKS LIKE A REAL "45"
- ACTUALLY SMOKES ON FIRING
- HAS LOUD EXPLOSIVE REPORT

It's a thriller. Yes! Looks and
feels like the Automatic "45's"
carried by our Army Officers...
with a plastic "Pearl" handle.
Easy to reload. Any boy would
gladly give his entire allowance for one of these.

ORDER DIRECT ... TODAY ... PROMPT SHIPMENT

Satisfaction is guaranteed. Send check or money order for immediate shipment—express charges collect. (Smallest order \$1.00. No C.O.D. orders.)

UTILITIES STORES, 117 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. MP, Chicago 3, Ill.

I enclose \$_____ Ship at once via express, charges collect, ...
G-Boy Repeating Cap pistols, rolls of caps, and ... holsters.

Name_____ Please Print Name and Address

Street or R.F.D._____

City_____ State_____ Established 1906

\$1.95

Now Available!
For Immediate Shipment!
EXCEL 16 MM. Movie Projector



A Laugh a
Minute Car-
toon Films
• Our Gang
Comedies
• Krazy Kat
• The 3 Stooges
• Scrappy
in 100 ft. Rolls at
only \$2.75 a roll.

Enjoy the Fun of Movies at Home!

FOR ONLY

\$17.50

(Movie
Projector)

Plus Postage

MAIL COUPON NOW!

UTILITY STORES, 117 S. Wabash, Dept. M.O., Chicago 3, Ill.
Please ship as indicated below:

Excel 16MM Movie Projectors at \$17.50 \$_____

100 ft. Rolls of "Laugh a Minute" \$_____

Cartoons at \$2.75 \$_____

for which I enclose \$_____ Postage \$_____

Check Films Wanted: Krazy Kat Scrappy

Our Gang Comedies The 3 Stooges

Name_____

Street or R.F.D._____ State_____

City_____ State_____

Jim Prentice
ANNOUNCES AN

AMAZING NEW
ELECTRIC

ELECTRIC

DOWNS 1 2 3 4

OFFENSE PINGER

**Exciting
new principle!**

Boys!

PLAY AMERICA'S GREATEST GAME.

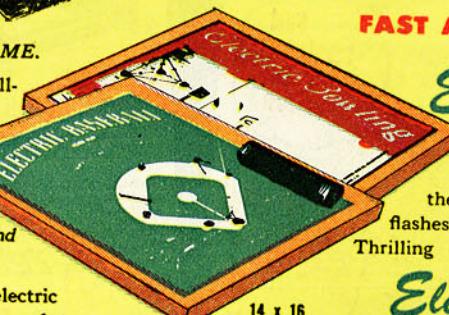
Now packed with new electrical excitement, a thrilling new principle. You and your opponent are quarterback - field general! Smart football usually wins. Imagine this: Score 7 to 7 . . . only two minutes to play. You call for a long pass, trick play or end run . . . ZINGO! the lights flash . . . it's over for a touchdown and win. \$2.50

Game TESTING KIT Have fun testing your electric game circuits. Complete with directions and two standard flashlight batteries. 50 cents.

Games operate on two standard flashlight batteries available at your neighborhood store. \$2.50 without batteries.

FOR Sister - GLOW LIGHT PLAY STOVE.

100% safe. Turn either one of the two levers, and there's a lovely red glow, but no heat to burn little fingers. LIGHTS UP. LOOKS REAL. Heavy lacquered white washable card stock reinforced with wood. Sturdily built. 13 x 6 x 7 inches. Batteries included. \$2.00



14 x 16
INCHES

TOUCHDOWN and VICTORY!

FAST ACTION . . . EVERY SECOND

Electric BASEBALL The most realistic game ever made. Pitcher controls the speed of a steel ball; Batter "swings" by pressing a contact button as the ball crosses the plate. Instantly the ball flashes on the multiple lighted electric diamonds. Thrilling action! It's ELECTRIC! \$2.50

Electric BOWLING It's fascinating. Demands skill through coordination of eye and hand to score spares and strikes. \$2.50

Mail Today - Money Back Guarantee

ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC.
463 Front Street, Holyoke, Mass.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$. . .

Please ship Postpaid items marked (X)

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____

ELECTRIC FOOTBALL \$2.50

ELECTRIC BASEBALL \$2.50

ELECTRIC BOWLING \$2.50

GAME TESTING KIT \$.50

GLOW LIGHT PLAY STOVE \$2.00

State _____

SORRY, NO C.O.D. ORDERS AT CHRISTMAS TIME AS THEY DELAY SHIPMENTS

